No. 221 Mar. '81

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NUMBER 221 MARCH 1981

MAD

"When you're in deep water, it's a good idea to keep your mouth shut!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

BOMBS AWAY

Thanks for owning up to the fact that "Up With The Academy" stunk.

Darel Jevens
Eau Claire, WI

It just occurred to me that "Throw Up The Academy" was as terrible as the movie. Throw Up The Magazine!

Allan Mantell
Hollywood, FL

LITTLE "STAR"LINGS

I thought "Little Starlings" was your "star attraction!" Scott Reeder
Barstow, CA

I just got finished reading your satire "Little 'Star'lings." It was pretty funny. But you want to know what's going to be *really* funny? When *your* lawyer gets through reading what *my* lawyer just sent him! Now *that's* going to be funny! So funny, I'll probably laugh all the way to the bank! Matt Dillon
Hollywood, CA

Matt Dillion Squawks Over Getting The Bird In "Little 'Star' lings"

GETTING NASTY

The "MAD Nasty Book, Volume Two" proves that MAD will put new graphics on old ideas, old graphics on new ideas, old graphics on old ideas and old graphics on no ideas.

D. L. Polonsky
Newtonville, MA

Maybe, but there's no need for you to get nasty about it!—Ed

GARBAGE EXPLAINED

My compliments to Leibmann and Coker for "The MAD Dictionary of Cliche Parental Terms." However, they left out one very familiar phrase—"Garbage: Universal term for anything you like and your parents don't!"

Michael Pollack
Brooklyn, NY

SCHMUCK! SCHMUCK!

Was I ever swindled! Swapping a copy of my book, "Explaining China." for a copy of (Yecch!) MAD Magazine. *My* book makes for intelligent, stimulating reading. As for *your* magazine . . .

Steve Allen
New York, NY

MAD Writer John Ficarra Swindling Steve Allen (Reading Right To Left).

FIREMEN GET A HOSING

Don Martin's "Look At Firemen" was really HOT! Robert Rothstein
Rego Park, NY

OUR SLIP IS SHOWING

Regarding issue 218, "Advertising Makes You Wonder"... why the average, thoughtless clod would want to kill himself just because he missed the last issue of MAD at the newsstand!

Stacy Freeberg
Fullerton, CA

"WKRAP" IN MAD

I thought "WKRAP In Cincinnati" was excellent—particularly, "this is the part of the show where two characters get down and level with each other." I didn't know my formula was showing. Thanks for the attention. Hugh Wilson
Executive Producer
"WKRP In Cincinnati"
Studio City, CA

DO NOT FOLD . . .

I think Al Jaffee's see-through back cover was his greatest creation since . . . well . . . his fold-in! Bill Schove
Williamson, NY

I folded it six or seven times before I figured it out. I guess I'm just another no-class MAD fan. Donnie Vaughn
Madison, IN

Paul Peter Porges covered all the angles in "Wait Till You Get Home and Find That . . ." except one: Wait till you get home and find that . . . the MAD Magazine you bought while you were out doesn't have a MAD fold-in!

Cliff Woodgate
Byron, MI

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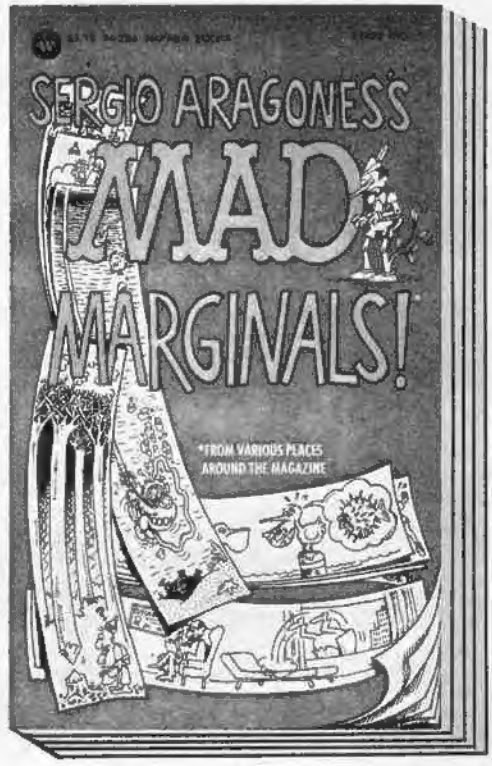

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HATCHET JOB DEPT.

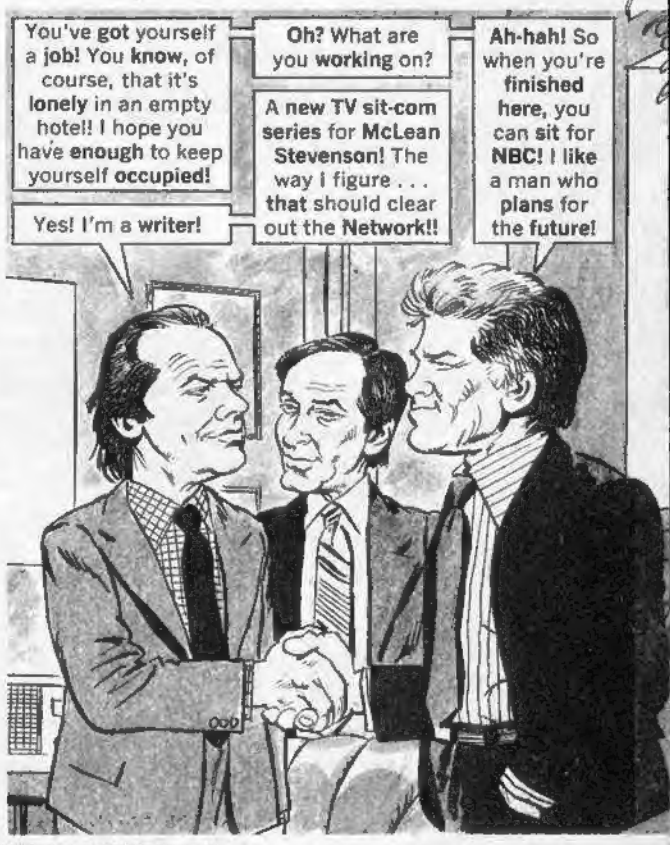
A talented writer named Steven King once wrote a terrifying book called "The Shining." Now, a famous Director named Stanley Kubrick has made a movie out of it. Unfortunately, his film has given Mr. King's book, and all the other great horror films of the past, a black eye! Which is why we at MAD call our version:

THE

Mr. Ulpman, I'm Wack Torrents! I'm here about that position you're advertising!
Very good! You look like just the man for the job, Mr. Torrents!
I don't know! I've been getting bad vibes about the place! Like strange unspeakable things happen here!
HERE?! At the finest hotel in Colorado!?! Where did you ever get those ridiculous feelings??
I guess it first started when I saw your ad in "The Transylvania Times"!
I tell you, Maria, there's something very weird about this hotel!!
But this is one of the oldest and most famous inns in the country! They say that George Washington slept here!
I know! But LAST NIGHT?!
No—no, Dr. Frankenstein! When I said, "Everybody fall out for BODY BUILDING!" I meant . . .
Hello, Room Service . . . ? Send up a cup of tea, a prune Danish, today's paper . . . and an EXORCIST!!
Boy . . . when they check out of this place, THEY CHECK OUT!!
COCAINE
HOUSE PHONE
LUNDY
SALOON

SHINER

Our hotel closes for the winter in a few days, and we like to have someone around to keep an eye on it until spring, when we re-open! Have you had any experience as a HOTEL-SITTER, Mr. Torrents . . . ?
Plenty! I sat for a few Holiday Inns, a couple of Hiltons, and just recently I sat for Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!
Hey, wait a minute! CEASARS PALACE NEVER CLOSES!!
It DID THEN! It was the week McLEAN STEVENSON was appearing there . . . !
He cleared out the whole hotel?!?
The hotel, the entire state, and three border towns in Arizona!
CLOCKWORK ORANGE


You've got yourself a job! You know, of course, that it's lonely in an empty hotel! I hope you have enough to keep yourself occupied!
Oh? What are you working on?
A new TV sit-com series for McLean Stevenson! The way I figure . . . that should clear out the Network!!
Ah-hah! So when you're finished here, you can sit for NBC! I like a man who plans for the future!
Yes! I'm a writer!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

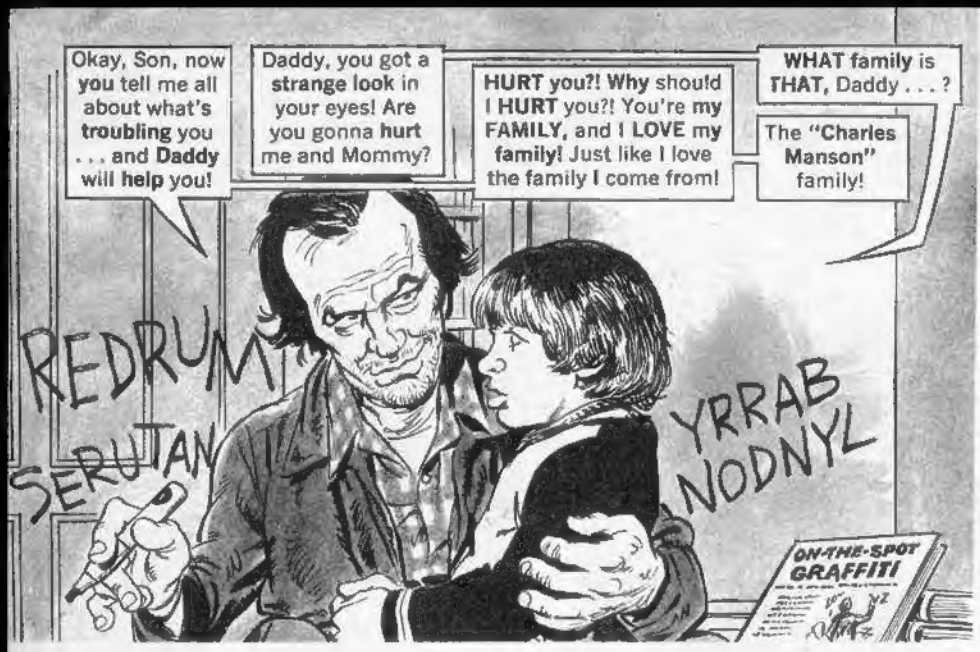
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'll go pick up my wife and son and be here on Friday!
Wonderful! And . . . please! Ignore all those rumors you keep hearing about this hotel being weird and haunted!
I will! Oh, by the way . . . who's HE??
He's our Night Clerk! It's a thankless job being on duty all night long, but he seems to love it!!

I'm not too crazy about this job, Wack!
Aw, c'mon, Windy! We're gonna have a terrific winter!
But we've done it all before! Sitting around a hotel day after day after day . . . BORING each other to death!!
You know . . . you're right! It WILL be just like a SECOND HONEYMOON!

We're gonna have a great time at the hotel, right, Boney . . .?
Right, Dinny!
Windy, I'm a little concerned about that kid! Has he ALWAYS been having those idiotic conversations with his Index Finger?
Not always! Just since YESTERDAY, when he had a fight with his PINKY!
Whew! For a while there, I was really worried!
LET YOUR FINGER DO THE TALKING!!
Hi, folks! You're just in time! We're closing up right now! Remember, I'm leaving $50 million worth of property in your hands . . .!
Who'd believe that anyone would entrust a magnificent hotel to a demented writer with a boring, ugly wife, and a kid who talks to his finger?
The same people who'd believe that a hotel in Colorado would close in winter —and miss the SKI season!
This is Dork Hollerman, our Head Cook and Dietician!
You folks'll find more than enough provisions to get you through the winter! We got 68 cases of potato chips, 110 gross of frozen tacos and 2 tons of Twinkies!
HE's a DIETICIAN?! Where'd you get HIM from?!?
He used to run a Junior High School Cafeteria!
Before I go, Dinny, I think I should tell you that we have something in common!
I know what you're going to say! We both see images, and we both can predict the future, and whatever I do, you don't want me to go into room 238, but you know I'm going in there anyway, and terrible things are going to happen, leading to horror and bloodshed and your sickening death!
Actually, all I was going to say was that we both have brown eyes!
Oh . . .! Sorry! Have a nice winter!
I won't!
I know!
So long, folks! Enjoy yourselves! And whatever you do, try not to think about Egbert Grisly, our former Caretaker here, who killed himself, his wife and his two little girls with an ax sixty years ago!
What did he say . . .?!?
He's just making small talk!
THAT'S small talk?!?
Around HERE it is!
We've been here a month, and things are great! I'm writing a new book, you and Dinny are keeping busy, and we've got the run of the whole hotel!
Wack . . . do you realize we haven't SLEPT TOGETHER since we've been here?!
Yeah! I was looking for you in room 607 last night! Where were you??
In room 693!
Well, at least I'm on the right floor now! Hang in there! I should catch up with you some time in February!

This is some neat thing the hotel built for its guests, huh Dinny?! It's called a "maze"! It's a whole series of maddening, frustrating dead ends that lead nowhere!
Wow! When could I have something like this, Mom?
In about 20 years, dear . . . when you're married!!
Look, Boney! It's room 238—the room that Dork warned me not to go into, remember?!?
There IS no room 238, Dummy! It's just your imagination!!
238
Look! It's the Grisly Sisters—the two girls who were murdered with an axe by their father!!
Don't be silly! They're not real!
DIGIT POWER
Oh, my gosh, Boney! It's a whole ocean of—yech—BLOOD . . . !!
Will you stop worrying! It's fantasy! All this is FANTASY!!
TYPE A
TYPE O-TIS
Look at me! I'm covered with blood! You told me it was all fantasy! I don't understand! I'm just a kid!
Well, what do I know, Schmuck?! I'm just a FINGER!!
Wack . . . there is something I MUST discuss with you that can't wait . . .
Damn it! I told you a million times, don't EVER interrupt me when I'm WRITING! So help me, you interrupt me again when I'm writing and I swear I'll kill you, you miserable stupid horse-faced @#$# twit!
For God's sake, WHAT are you WRITING?!?
A book I'm calling "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Human Compassion, But Were Afraid To Ask"!!
Mommy! I'm scared! There's something AWFUL and HORRIBLE and DISGUSTING in room 238!!
No, dear! DADDY is in room 236!! But why don't you go in there and talk to him anyway? Go ahead!
DO NOT DISTURB
SCRAM!
BEAT IT!!
GET LOST
KEEP OUT!

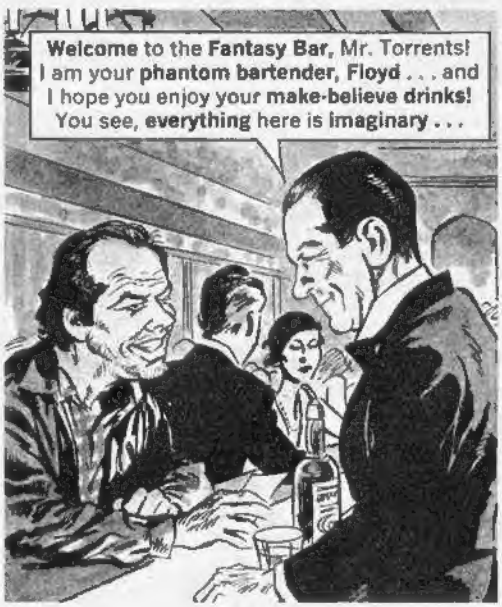

Okay, Son, now you tell me all about what's troubling you . . . and Daddy will help you!
Daddy, you got a strange look in your eyes! Are you gonna hurt me and Mommy?
HURT you?! Why should I HURT you?! You're my FAMILY, and I LOVE my family! Just like I love the family I come from!
WHAT family is THAT, Daddy . . . ?
The "Charles Manson" family!
REDRUM
SERUTAN
YRRAB NODNYL
ON-THE-SPOT GRAFFITI

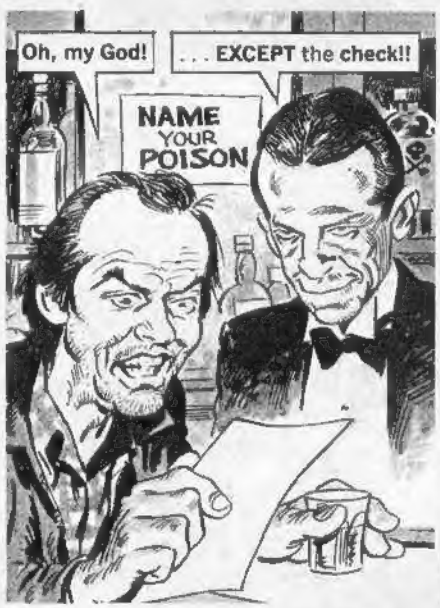
Now, let's clear up this silly business about room 238! I assure you, there's nothing unusual in here . . .

See? I told you there's nothing unusual here!
But, Daddy! Look . . . !! LOOK . . . !!
Son, trust me! This happens in EVERY hotel when a guest waits for a Bell Hop to come up and help him down with his luggage!

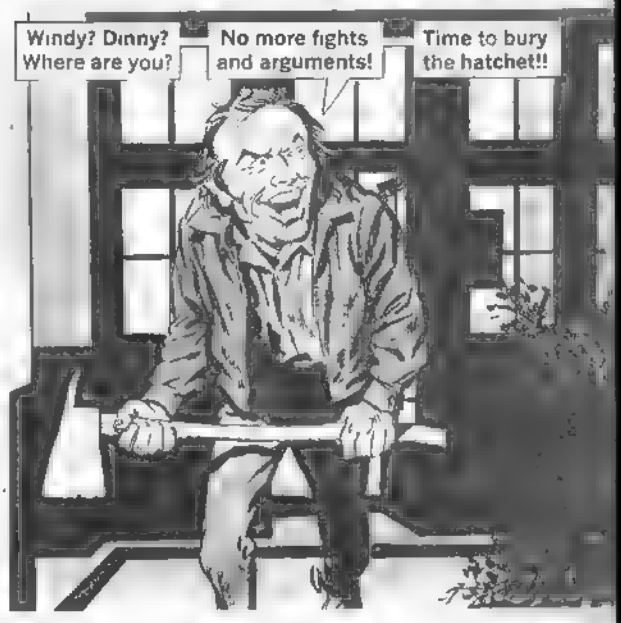
See . . . ? There was nothing to worry about! Now, you go back to Mommy, and I'm going to stop off at the Bar for a few drinks . . . !
But, Daddy! The Bar is CLOSED! Didn't Mr. Ulpman tell us we're the only ones here and there's no liquor in the hotel?
Dinny, I happen to know for a fact they serve spirits in here!
Gee, Daddy . . . are you SURE??
BIER AND ALE
DIE IT SODA
VERY BLOODY MARY
STIFF DRINKS
CHARGE IT
The BOOM BOOM ROOM
Red SKELETON

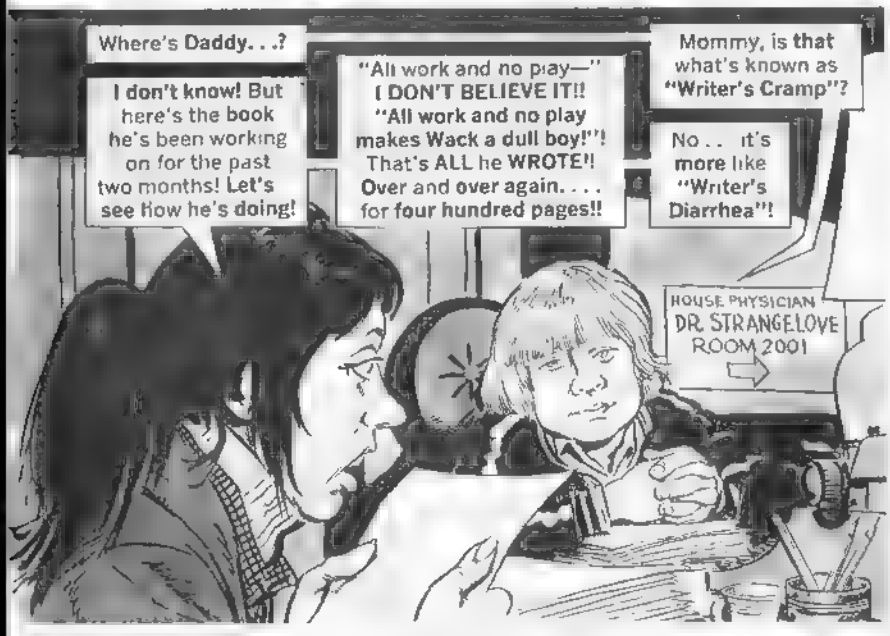
Shweeet Ad—oh—line! My Ad—oh—line . . . !!
Son, trust me again!!


Welcome to the Fantasy Bar, Mr. Torrents! I am your phantom bartender, Floyd . . . and I hope you enjoy your make-believe drinks! You see, everything here is imaginary . . .

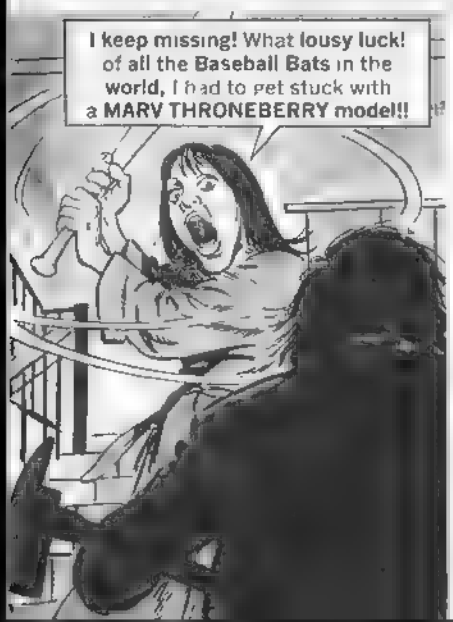

Oh, my God!
. . . EXCEPT the check!!
NAME YOUR POISON

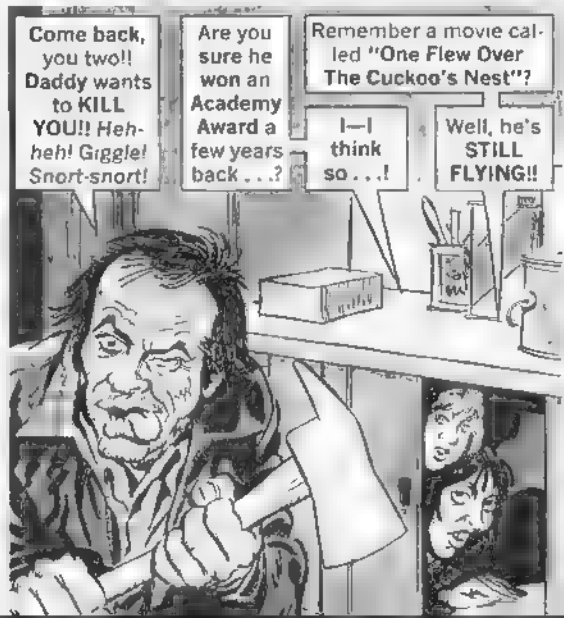
Good evening, Mr. Torrents! I am Egbert Grisly, the former Caretaker here!!
YOU'RE the guy who killed his wife and two kids with an ax 60 years ago!! How could you DO such a vile —yecch—disgusting thing?
Yeah . . . ! They TOLD me that I would rot in Hell!!
Well, I'm glad you learned your less— Wait a minute!! You mean THIS place is HELL?!?

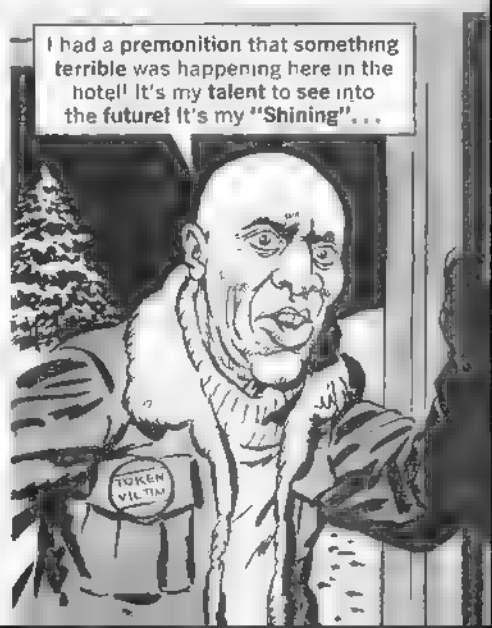

Windy? Dinny? Where are you?
No more fights and arguments!
Time to bury the hatchet!!


Where's Daddy. . .?
I don't know! But here's the book he's been working on for the past two months! Let's see how he's doing!
"All work and no play—" I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! "All work and no play makes Wack a dull boy!"! That's ALL he WROTE!! Over and over again. . . . for four hundred pages!!
Mommy, is that what's known as "Writer's Cramp"?
No . . it's more like "Writer's Diarrhea"!
HOUSE PHYSICIAN DR. STRANGELOVE ROOM 2001

Mommy!! Why is Daddy coming at us with an AX?!?
I don't think he LIKES us any more, Dinny!
Well, can't he just get a DIVORCE?!?
No, dear . . that's impossible! He's CATHOLIC! You run! I'll handle him!!


I keep missing! What lousy luck! of all the Baseball Bats in the world, I had to get stuck with a MARV THRONEBERRY model!!


Come back, you two!! Daddy wants to KILL YOU!! Heh-heh! Giggle! Snort-snort!
Are you sure he won an Academy Award a few years back . . .?
Remember a movie called "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest"?
I—I think so . . .!
Well, he's STILL FLYING!!


I had a premonition that something terrible was happening here in the hotel! It's my talent to see into the future! It's my "Shining"...
TOKEN VICTIM

So much for your "Shining," Old Man! Too bad it couldn't tell you I was laying for you with an ax!
THWOCK!
You . . . you'll pay . . . for . . . this, Torrents!
For killing a HOTEL COOK?! The most any jury would give me is 30 days!!
Well . . . at least that's SOMETHING! Thank God I'm not a WAITER!!
Come back, Dinny! You have been a naughty boy, and Daddy has to punish you . . .!!
Can't you just send me to bed without supper—like other Fathers?!
But you KNOW what we eat around here! That wouldn't be a punish-ment! That would be a REWARD!!!
Mommy . . . —sob-sob! Daddy is DEAD . . . —sob-sob! It . . . it's TERRIBLE!
I know, dear! But it's better this way! You have to remember that he committed some AWFUL CRIMES . . . like murder . . . and over-acting!
Now, let's go have some dinner!
Okay, what are we gonna have?
What else? The usual junk . . . tacos, Twinkies, potato chips . . .
Wait a minute! That reminds me . . .!! In the freezer! There IS a piece of FROZEN HAM!
Mommy, what are we gonna DO . . . now that Daddy is gone??
It's going to be tough! But we'll struggle through somehow! You may have to sell newspapers . . . and I may even have to sell my body!
Gee . . . I'll feel funny, making MORE MONEY than you!!
Mrs. Torrents, we're from Simonize and Schmutzer, the New York publishing firm! We've just read your late husband's manuscript and we think it's sensational!
What?!? Those 400 pages of babbling idiotic gibberish?!
But that's what the public is reading these days!
You'll make a fortune from the hardcover and paperback rights! And that doesn't include film rights! It's going to make one hell of a movie! I can see it now! It starts off with this guy applying for a job as a sitter for this remote Colorado hotel—

TRIPE HYPE DEPT.

What makes a dull business like show business seem so exciting? Variety, the jazzed up newspaper for that industry. If Variety is the spice of life for them, how about the rest of us slobs who would like *our* dull professions made to seem fascinating? With this in mind, we at MAD now present examples of . . .

VARIETY FOR OTHER OCCUPATIONS

WRITER: STAN HART

FIXING | RE-FIXING | RE-RE-FIXING | REPLACING | FIXING REPLACEMENTS

PLUMBERS VARIETY

DIX CLIX HIX STIX QUIX FIX PIX UNION DETECTIVES NAB BADDIES

Plumbers Bash A Smash; Ignore Backlash

New York City

Last week's Plumbers Annual Banquet and Dance at Madison Square Garden was a sensash! Two thousand plumbers and their ladies showed and all enjoyed themselves to the hilt. Unfortunately, there were some unpleasant rumblings that almost ruined the evening. Since many of the guys came right from work, other patrons in the area were seen running out into the street, gasping for fresh air. Seems the civilians can't take the smell of a hard day's work. Sam Bobrick, who arrived late from his job on a clogged sewer line, quipped when he saw the distressed patrons fleeing, "Like Harry Truman once said—'If you can't stand the smell, get out of the bathroom!" When asked what he meant by the remark, Bobrick said, "Ask Harry Truman, he's the one who said it."

A fun night was had by all and the management of Madison Square Garden announces they are fumigating the place in preparation for the circus, arriving Sunday.

Dothan, Ala.

The Plumbers Union, in an all-out effort to crack down on members who work fast, hired detectives to go out into the boonies and get proof that rural plumbers were violating the "Go Slo" union understanding. The dicks were successful in snapping photos of out-of-line plumbers who made only one visit per job and who fixed toilets, sinks, and pipes in a manner that caused no later problems. Union nabob Rizzo said, "Hey, if we allowed our members to work fast and efficiently, there wouldn't be enough work to go around!" Good thinking, Union Boss.

Penalties were assessed against two members of the Dothan, Ala. local who actually stopped a toilet leak, repaired it, and then—and this is what *really* steamed union brass—gave a *guarantee* on their work. The two errant members have been sentenced to do their next three jobs without using snakes or plumbers' helpers.

Boo Hiss For Household Helpers

Las Vegas, Nev.

Roundly denouncing the non-pro use of common household aids such as Drano, Liquid Plumber and other popular glitch-unstoppers, Art Charney, internationally known sink fixer, received a standing ovation at last week's Plumbers Convention.

"By allowing homeowners to do their own work on sinks, toilets, and pipes, we run the risk of creating an army of incompetent plumbers." Charney went on to say that we already have enough incompetent plumbers, namely, the total registry of union members. "Plumbing is an art. There is no place for the non-professional screw-up, at least not until all the professional screw-ups are employed."

SHAKE IT, SNAKE IT, FAKE IT

What does Allen Kane do when faced with a clogged toilet? Here's his expert advice! "First I take off the tank top and shake the metal float. If nothing happens, I run a snake through the pipe. If nothing happens then, I fake it by telling the customer that the toilet is fixed and they shouldn't use it for at least a half hour until it 'normalizes.' This gives me enough time to get out of there and call my service and instruct them to stall with an 'out-of-town emergency' story. It also gives me the chance to cash the check before they can stop payment. From that point on, it's a piece of cake.

MAKING CHANGE | SHORT-CHANGING | MIS-DIRECTING | FLIRTING

TOLL COLLECTORS VARIETY

COLLECTOR ANKLES TO MIAMI WITH MUCHO $

"Whaddya Call This?!"

Oakland, Cal.

Don Herter, a tollie on the Oakland Bridge, has filed suit against motorist John Boni for "aggravated assault." Seems that Boni thought Herter's booth was an exact change lane and shoved two dimes and a nickel up Herter's nose as he drove through. One of the dimes and the nickel are still lodged in Herter's nostrils. Last night, Herter stated, "Unnng unngg," which his wife interpreted to mean, "The whole affair has definitely impaired my breathing and speech!"

"BRING BACK MINI-SKIRTS" SEZ TOLLIE FASHION EXPERT

"C'mon, you guys, get outta here [illegible] skirts for

Bronx, N.Y.

Fred Carswell, toll collector at the Queens Midtown Tunnel, retired last week and aired down to his new $350,000 condominium in the Sunshine State. He paid cash for his condo—all in coins. Fred landed in Miami with one suitcase and 86 bags of half dollars and quarters.

When asked how he acquired such a tidy sum on his modest toll collector's salary, Fred quipped, "I gave up buying lunches, coffee snacks, and chewing gum. It all adds up." Thrifty Fred figures to be active in his new digs with plans to build his own causeway, for which he insists he will hire no toll collectors .

"Are you nuts?", Fred offered, "Those guys rob you blind!" Fred's wife of two weeks, Melanie, a 23 year old former Las Vegas showgirl, said...

"I Ain't No Travelers' Aid!," Sez Mort To Dopey Drivers

Weston, Conn.

What to do when a driver stops at your booth and starts asking for directions has always been a problem for tollies. But Mort Fenster has an answer and it works just fine. Mort, toll collector on the New England Thruway, tells the driver to "Get lost!" Since the driver is *already* lost,

By not stopping to answer questions like, "Is Massachusetts this way?", and, "Is there a comfort station nearby?", has allowed Mort more time for his rare coin collection. Mort hasn't made matters worse. Of course, he hasn't made matters better, either, but that's another matter.

OVERTIME | MESSING UP | ALIBIS | UNDERESTIMATING | MORE MESSING UP

HOUSE PAINTERS VARIETY

PAINTER GOOFS: PAINTS 3 RMS. & OLD LADY

Champ Streaker Feted At Bucket And Brush Bash

Bangor, Maine

At the House Painter's Annual Bucket and Brush Bash, Dick Bensinger was honored with a scroll proclaiming him "Streaker of the Year." It seems that Dick, who worked full time last year, never completed a job where the work wasn't streaked. In each case, other painters had to be brought in to touch up Dick's streaks. In appreciation, his fellow painters presented him with the coveted scroll. "With Dick around," the presenter of the award stated, "we'll always have work!"

NEATNESS SEMINAR SCRUBBED

The Union Seminar on "Neatness in Housepainting" was cancelled last

"OOPS!" SEZ FAST WORKER IN LAWSUIT

Provo, Utah

Claiming that "when I get paid by the job and not by the hour, I paint anything that doesn't move," Harry Kruger denied guilt in a million dollar lawsuit brought against him by Majorie Clemens, an 85 year old little blue lady.

From pre-trial testimony, it appears that Kruger wanted to finish the paint job in Ms. Clemens's apartment in an hour, and while she stood in the corner watching him work, he became so involved with watching the clock he didn't realize he painted over the woman with his roller. Ms. Clemens was stuck to the wall for three days before being noticed by her husband, Walter.

Incidentally, ol' Walt will be a star

"Renaissance Man" Perfects Time-Stretch Technique

Valley Stream, NY

Bill Negron, whose name is a household word with housepainters, has come up with a scheme that justifies his wide acclaim. When getting paid by the hour, Bill uses his "Michelangelo routine." He lies on his back and paints What's so unusual about that, you ask? Bill uses this approach when painting walls, not ceilings. It takes twice as long for the job and that's twice as much Florentine gold in Bill's spotted overalls pocket!

witness for the defense, admitting he preferred Majorie painted blue. "I never could stand her pasty, white looks. I felt like I was living with a ghost. Now she has some color, a little flair to her," he stated.

OVER-CHARGING | SHIPPING | CHIPPING | BREAKING | TAKING

MOVING MEN VARIETY

ON TIME DELIVERY TRIGGERS PROBE

UNION SPOTS "NO-NO" IN PENNSY

Philadelphia, Pa.

After thoroughly checking moving men's records for the past year, the Movers Union spotted a flagrant violation of its work rules. It appears that in Wilkes Barre, Pa., on Dec. 13 of last year, a shipment of household goods was delivered on time and in perfect condition as promised to the customer.

"This is an outrage," sputtered John Blauner, head of the Union. "Some movers are bad apples, try as we might to weed them out," he remarked in a thinly veiled reference to Jerry Granat, the Wilkes Barre mover who made the boo-boo. When asked for his comment, Granat said, "Mistakes will happen. Hell, I'm only human! I thought the work order read Dec. 3, but even then, 10 days late would have still been too early."

Honking Horns Music To Movers' Ears

San Diego, California

It's not all work and no fun for movers, especially in heavy traffic. "When I hear those drivers laying on their horns because I've blocked a street with my truck, I don't get shook," claims Eric Wessel, 1977 Mover of the Year. "I have a ball trying to pick out tunes from the horn honking. Yesterday, for instance, I noticed that a combo of 1972 Dodge and 1975 Chevy horns sounds like the opening notes of Chopin's Nocturne in C Sharp."

Of course, sequence plays a very important part, here. For instance,

HANDY DANDY COP-OUTS FOR HEADS-UP MOVERS

1. The truck broke down.
2. The signs in this area are the worst. I couldn't find your street/city/state (choose one)
3. That was chipped before we loaded it on the truck.

CHASING KIDS | EXCUSES | TIPS | DRINKING | MOONLIGHTING

JANITORS VARIETY

SEVENTY-SEVEN STRAND MOP A SOCKO!

Dolph Kicks Off Tenants Do-It-Yourself Campaign

Terre Haute, Indiana

A real Do-It-Yourself Campaign debuted in T. H. last week when Dolph Strauss told a meeting of complaining tenants, who were fed up with peeling plaster and unreplaced burned-out light bulbs, to "Do it yourself!" Dolph followed the catchy slogan with a two minute tirade about being fed up himself with "the lack of get-up-and-go and good ol' American initiative being displayed throughout the country's grass roots."

Once again Dolph let the tenants know who was running the show and that he wouldn't be railroaded into working any 3-hour day. "All work and no play," claimed Dolph, "makes . . ." Unfortunately, he forgot the rest of the cliché and just stormed out of the meeting.

HEAVY MITTING FOR NEW SOPPER-UPPER

New York City

Janitors from Pig Sur to the Pig Apple gave rah-rah approval to the new 77 strand mop, introd at the Annual Janitors and Maintenance Men Trade Show at the New York Coliseum last week.

"This new 77 is a beaut," enthused Stanislaus Kepler, who did the debut mop-up after the Coke machine at the show overflowed. Manufacturer biggies claim the new 77 will replace the old 55 strand model that had been the industry's standard swabber.

Dubbed, "The Spirit of 77—One Better Than The Spirit of 76," the new mop will cut down on work hours, freeing Janitors to devote more time to crossword puzzles and serious drinking.

Walt's Sure-Fire Gimmick For Shafting Xmas Non-Tippers

Chicago

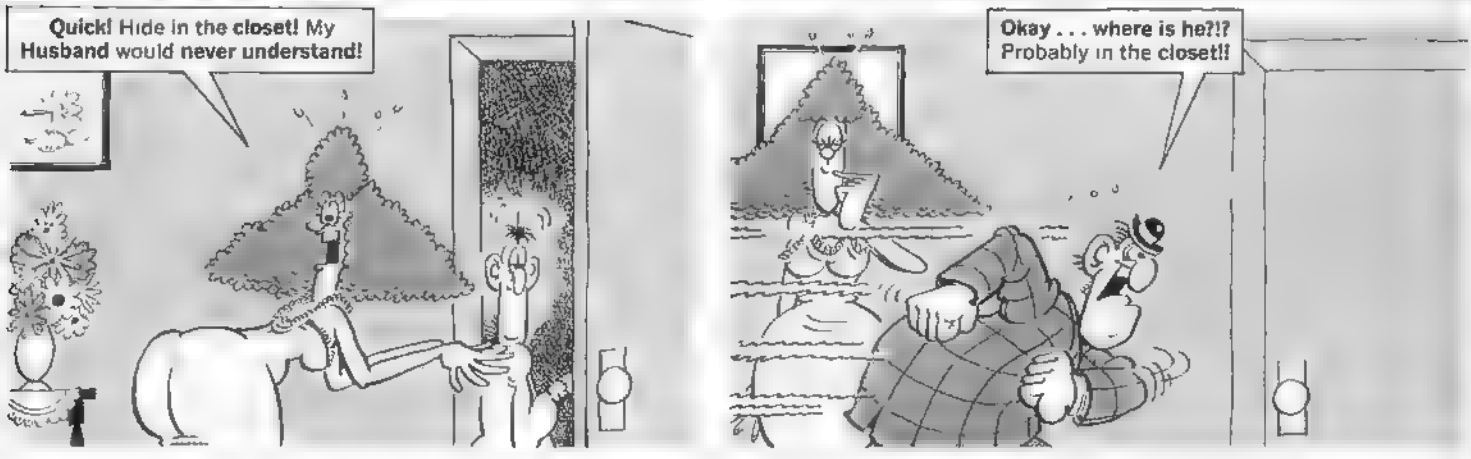
Hallways on the 3rd, 6th, and 7th floors of 811 East Washburn Ave. in the cindy Windy City are a mess. Garbage, uncollected since Xmas when the tenants of those floors stiffed Janitor Walt O'Neil, has been yecching the place. "Xmas is a time for giving and for getting," sez Wise Walt, "and if the tenants don't give, then they don't get! And what they don't get is their garbage collected!"

Walt figures that by the end of February they'll get the point, stating, "I never received Washington's Birthday gifts before, but I expect a few this time around!"

GREEN AND BARE IT DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT...

Okay, Banner! I'm a Detective, and I've got proof-positive that you've been causing havoc in at least a dozen cities!
RIP
TEAR
AARRGH
GAARRGH

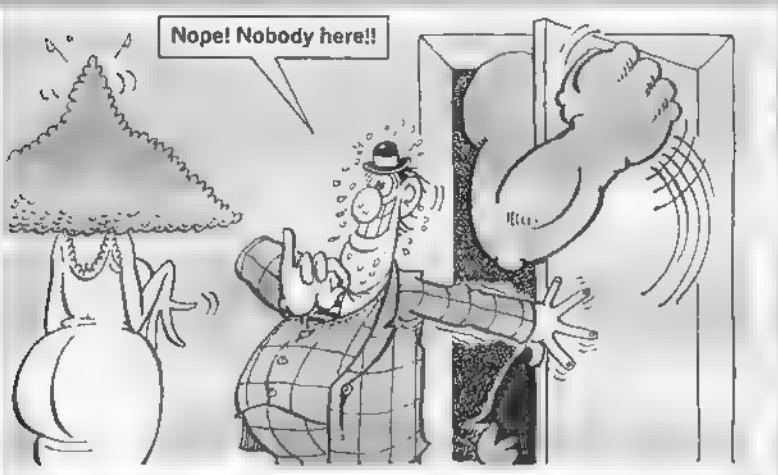


Yes, sir! Have a seat . . and I'll get the President!
ARE YOU BEING DISCRIMINATED AGAINST BECAUSE OF YOUR COLOR? It Is Against The Law For Anyone To be Denied A Job Or A Place To Live Because Of Race.
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE
Local Chapter
Office Of The President

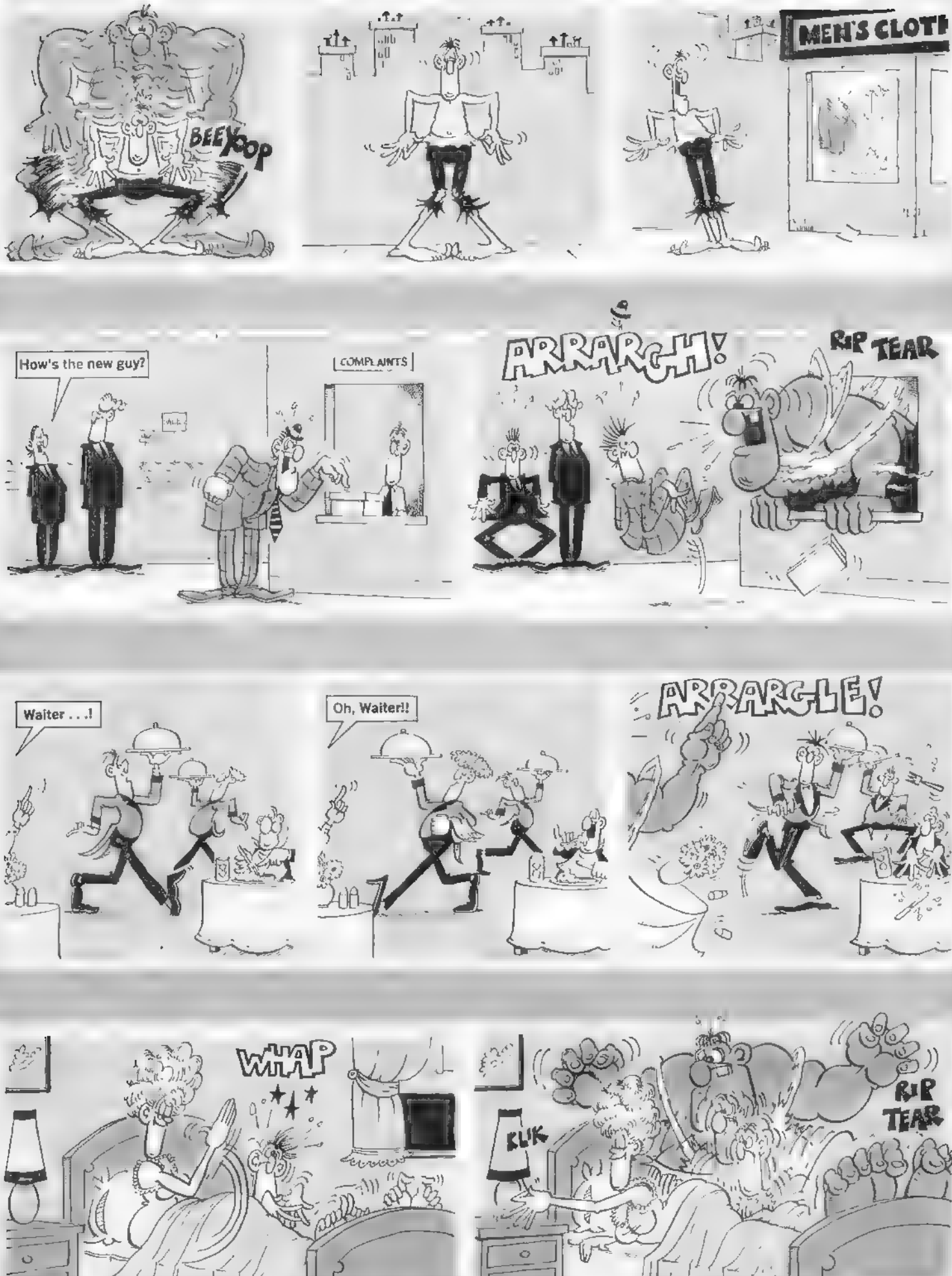
THE HULK

Of course, I could be mistaken!

Pardon me, young man! Could you help an old lady across the street . . .?


Nope! Nobody here!!

Gesundheit


BEEYOOP
MEN'S CLOTH
How's the new guy?
COMPLAINTS
ARRRARGH!
RIP TEAR
Waiter . . .!
Oh, Waiter!!
ARRARGLE!
WHAP
KLIK
RIP TEAR

I'll take it . . .!!

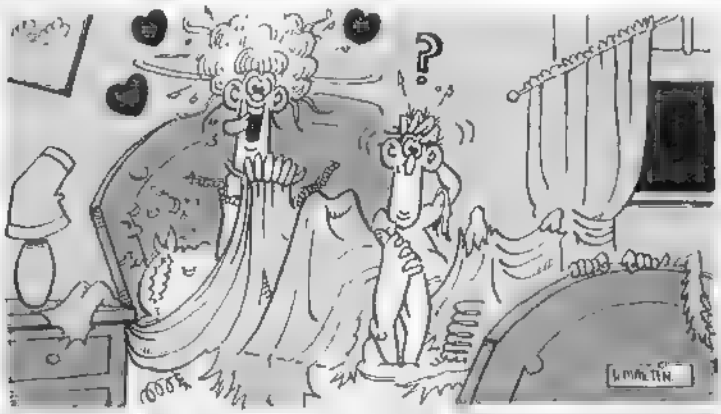
Operator, I just inserted my last coin, and the telephone took it! Could you return it or give me my number, please?
This is a recording! If you have lost any money, leave your name and address, and we will mail—

Best we ever had!!
COMPLAINTS

Hold still, Mac . . . or you'll be here all day!
TELEPHONE

Yes, sir! Can I help you??
Yes, sir! What's your pleasure??
Coming, sir!!
I'll be right there, sir!!

ARRARGH
WAMP
OOF
BLAMP
YUG



HYPE TRIPE DEPT.

Whenever a movie-maker wants to make a film look more impressive than it really is, he takes out a big, important-looking ad. This is called "hype" and the ad usually looks something like this . . .

KYLE AND LYLE BRISKET
In Association With
H. SIDNEY MANGOLD
Present
A Monumental Picture
ALEXANDER BARFKIN'S
Production Of
JASON FREEN'S

THE GREAT DISCO SPACE WAR

A Frederick Bilge Presentation

STARRING

ELWOOD SCURVY — MONICA WAXWING — LANCE MALOMAR

and FEATURING

VICTOR McSWEEN — BEVERLY NURD — ZOLTAN ZANDAR — KYLE UNDERFOOT

AXEL VETCH — PHILO E. LODESTAR — SYNDA STAGMIRE

And Introducing DWAYNE OXBLIGHT as "The Visitor"
With HERMAN HERM NADIA OMM J. STUART WANG XERXES SMITH LORD UNKY

And A Special Guest Appearance by MERVYN ELDERTOOTH as himself
SCREENPLAY by TELFORD MUSK, Based on ALVIN TOGGLE'S Novel "Space Boogie"

Costumes by HILDA HUNGERLIP — Miss Waxwing's Gown by WALTER — Miss Waxing's Pantyhose by SUPREME — Miss Waxwing's Teeth by Milton Beemish, D.D.S.

Filmed on Location in Burma, Morocco, and a Sidewalk in Suburban Knoxville

Color by WILCO — Processing by NILCO — Developing by SILCO — Credits by FORBUSH — Casting by DAPHNE TRIVET — Sound by APEX — Filmed in XZ-47 SUPER VISION

Entire Production Supervised by Elrod Whippet in Association with Warren Scrim and T. Hector Diggs. Not to Mention Waldo C. Erb.

Pretty impressive, huh? But it seems a waste that hype like this is reserved only for movies. There's no reason it couldn't serve us all. By George, let's see some examples of what we'd have . . .

IF "HOLLYWOOD HYPE" WERE USED FOR EVERYDAY DRAMATIC OCCASIONS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FOR A MAFIA VENDETTA

Don Rico Manicotti
in Association with
Salvatore "Fats" Tortoni
Presents
A Manicotti Family Production

WIPE-OUT ON NOSTRAND AVENUE

STARRING

"BIG LOUIE" LASAGNA

SAL "THE BARBER" SPUMONI

&

(by arrangement with Don Carlo Zucchini)

"SID THE SHIV" MANUCCI

AND INTRODUCING

For the First and Last Time "Shades" Finelli as "The Squealer"

Plus a Milling Throng of Terrified, Uninvolved Onlookers

Travel Arrangements by Acme Cement

Casting by Don Rico Manicotti

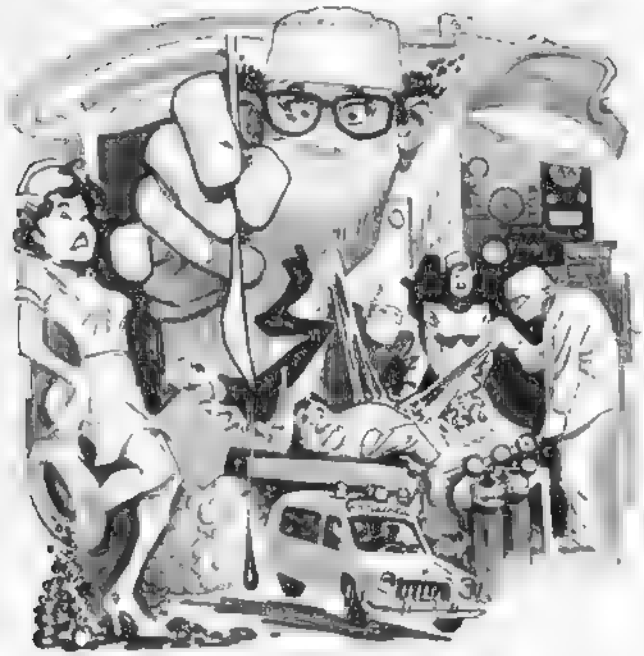
Assisted by Capo Vito Corona

Entire Production Planned, Supervised and Disavowed by Don Rico Manicotti

FOR A SURGICAL OPERATION

St. Ignatius Hospital and
THE SURGICAL TEAM OF OPERATING ROOM B
PRESENT
A Dr. Leon Mishkin Operation
The Grand Opening of

THE STOMACH OF MORRIS PUTTERMAN



STARRING

DR. LEON MISHKIN

with
Nurse Elvira Quigley **Interne Sidney Bimblatt** and **Dr. Dwayne Farfel** as "The Specialist"

With a Special Guest Appearance by

MORRIS PUTTERMAN

and Introducing
Putterman's Hysterical Wife, Rosalie
Plus a Supporting Cast
of Nurses, Orderlies and
Inquiring Relatives

Anesthetics by Dr. Byron Wimple **Gauze by** Johnson & Johnson **Sutures** by Acme

Financed by Blue Shield and United Major Medical

Entire Production Supervised
by Dr. Leon Mishkin

FOR A DIVORCE TRIAL

The State of New York in association with
Justice Felix J. Grumwort Bailiff W. Culpepper
Presents
A Divorce Court Production

HAROLD SMEED **LAURA YURGLE SMEED**

in

THE BIG SPLIT

Based On a Scheme by
LAURA YURGLE SMEED
From an Idea of Her Meddling Mother

ELVIRA YURGLE

Co-Starring

ATTORNEY STEVEN WEEDLE

Arguing Greedily Over the Objections Of

ATTORNEY RAMSEY BLIGHT

With a Special Guest Appearance by

STAR WITNESS
LOLA "LEGS" WICKERSHAM
(by arrangement with Private Detective Gump McCall)

And a Tear-Jerking Performance by

SIX-YEAR-OLD BILLY SMEED

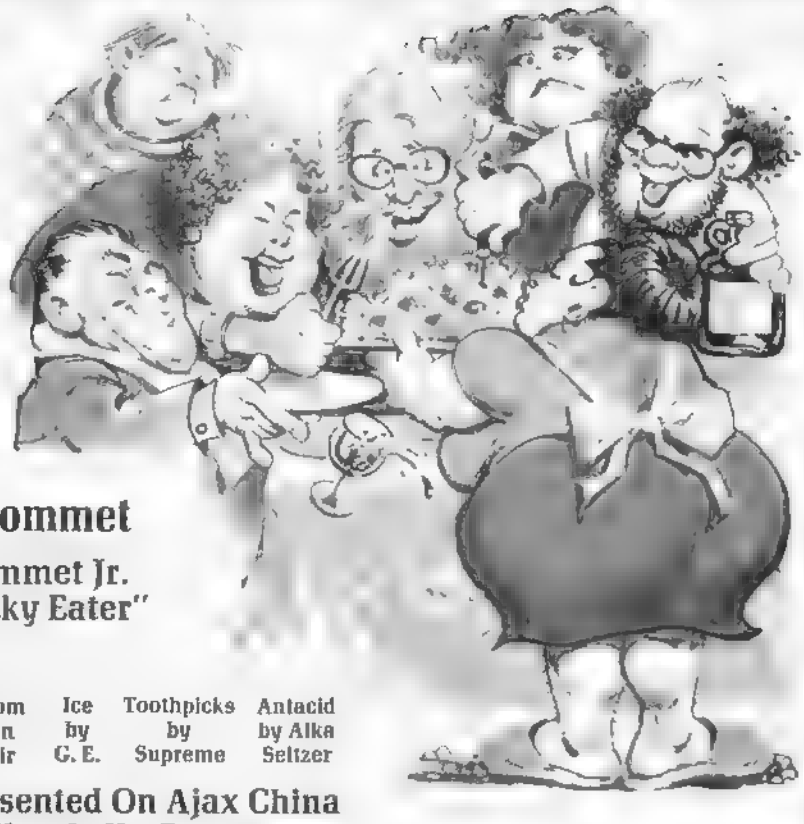
Entire Production Paid For Through The Nose By

HAROLD SMEED

FOR A FAMILY DINNER

Clarabelle Grommet
With Assistance From No One
Presents

WEDNESDAY NIGHT DINNER



Based On A Recipe By Neighbor Dora Mulvaney

STARRING

Clarabelle Grommet **Morris Grommet**

WITH **Sheila Grommet** as "The Fat One" **Morris Grommet Jr.** as "The Finicky Eater"

FEATURING—

Ground Round by Barney the Butcher	Potatoes and Lima Beans by Ernie's Grocery	Bread by Tasty-Fresh	Water from the Town Reservoir	Ice by G. E.	Toothpicks by Supreme	Antacid by Alka Seltzer

Produced in a Hotpoint Oven and Presented On Ajax China
Entire Production Overcooked by Clarabelle Grommet

FOR A TEENAGER MAKING OUT

Marvin Meeg In Close Association With Esther Grush
Presents A Saturday Night Production

"I MADE OUT IN GRIBNEY PARK WITH ESTHER GRUSH"

Scenario by Marvin Meeg
Based On The Teen Age Lust
of Marvin Meeg
Inspired by a $10 Bet With
Charlie Vorch

STARRING

MARVIN MEEG

ESTHER GRUSH

AND

CHARLIE VORCH

as "The Hidden Observer"

Entire Production Staged In The Parking Area of Gribney Park

Automobile by Chevrolet

Recorded Music by Little Stanley And The Aardvarks

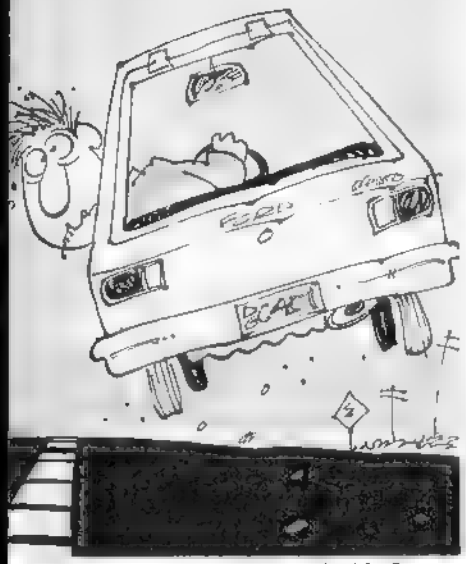
Entire Production Plotted and Designed by Marvin Meeg

THE DREAD MENACE DEPT.

MAD'S NEW PHOB

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

INFERNOPHOBIA



Fear of being hit from behind while driving a Ford Pinto.

CUTSEYPHOBIA

Fear of not being able to buy anything that doesn't have a "Peanuts" or "Sesame Street" character on it.

MALDENPHOBIA

Fear of leaving home with your American Express Card and still not being recognized.

MEDIPHOBIA

Fear of checking out of a hospital even sicker than when you checked in.

BIMBOPHOBIA

Fear of being booked on a TV Talk Show between Cheryl Tiegs and Charo.

FELONIAPHOBIA

Fear of being mugged while walking from your bedroom to your bathroom.

IAS FOR THE '80'S

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA

GACKAPHOBIA

Fear of catching your tie in your food processor.

OPECAPHOBIA

Fear of the price of gasoline going up while it's being pumped into your car.

BETAPHOBIA

Fear of misprogramming your Video Recorder so instead of getting a tape of the Superbowl game, you get four hours of "The First Annual Telethon To Wipe Out Dental Plaque."

ROOTSAPHOBIA

Fear of having to be out of the house on the concluding night of a 7-part TV movie.

FRACASAPHOBIA

Fear of stopping by a strange bar and standing next to Billy Martin.

SPLATAPHOBIA

Fear of learning that the plane you're about to board is a DC-10.

THE MAD S

8.3 SECONDS

. . . is the amount of time between when you first step into the shower till your phone starts to ring.

3 WEEKS AND 2 DAYS

. . . is how long you're already back from vacation when the post card you sent your neighbor finally arrives.

4 DAYS

. . . is the amount of time between when the warranty on your TV runs out . . . and something goes wrong with the set.

37.1 MINUTES

. . . is the amount of time you watch *The Tonight Show* before you doze off.

9 MONTHS AND 3 DAYS

. . . is the time it takes for the foreign car part you need to be shipped.

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

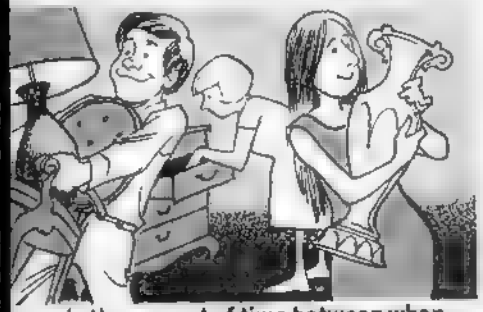
5 YEARS, 9 MONTHS, 2 DAYS

. . . is the amount of time you spend in your life looking for your keys.

14 MONTHS, 2 DAYS

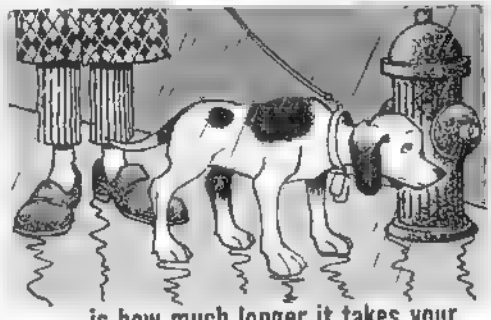
. . . is how long you'll be dead when relatives stop coming to your grave.

3 DAYS, 2 HOURS, 1 MINUTE



. . . is the amount of time between when someone dies, and his heirs start laying claim to his worldly possessions.

4 MINUTES, 46 SECONDS



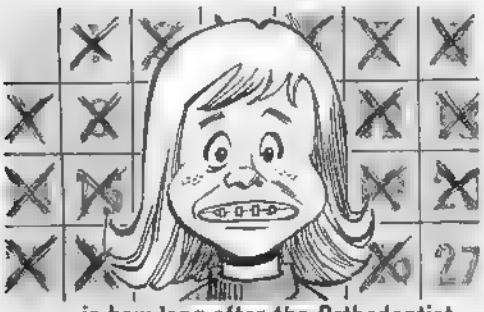
. . . is how much longer it takes your dog to find a suitable spot to do his thing whenever it is pouring outside.

4 MINUTES, 10 SECONDS

. . . is the amount of time the average couple in a "Drive-In Movie" spends watching the action upon the screen.

TOP WATCH

7 MONTHS AND 20 DAYS

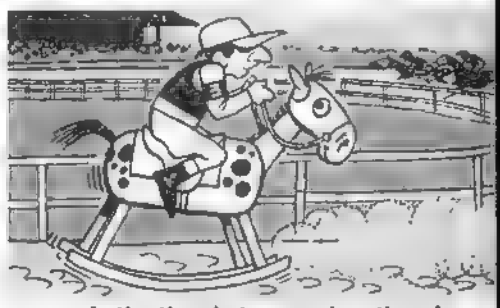


. . . is how long after the Orthodontist promises to take off your braces that he finally does take the things off.

3 YEARS, 8 MONTHS, 9 DAYS

. . . is the amount of time it takes a worker to make up the money he lost when he went on strike for more pay.

1 MINUTE, 38 SECONDS



. . . is the time between when the winning horse crosses the finish line . . . and the horse that you bet on comes in.

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA

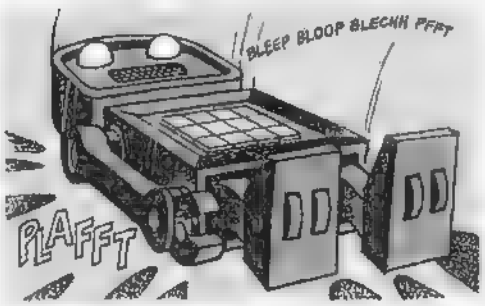
13 DAYS

. . . is the time it takes the Post Office to deliver a letter cross town.

2 MINUTES, 12 SECONDS

. . . is the average time it takes a gal to find something in her purse.

16 MINUTES, 8 SECONDS



. . . is the amount of time the average battery in a new electronic toy lasts.

29 SECONDS

. . . is how long a guest is on a "Talk Show" before he plugs his latest film.

27 MINUTES

. . . is the time it takes you to wrap a child's birthday present that the little brat will rip off in 2 seconds.

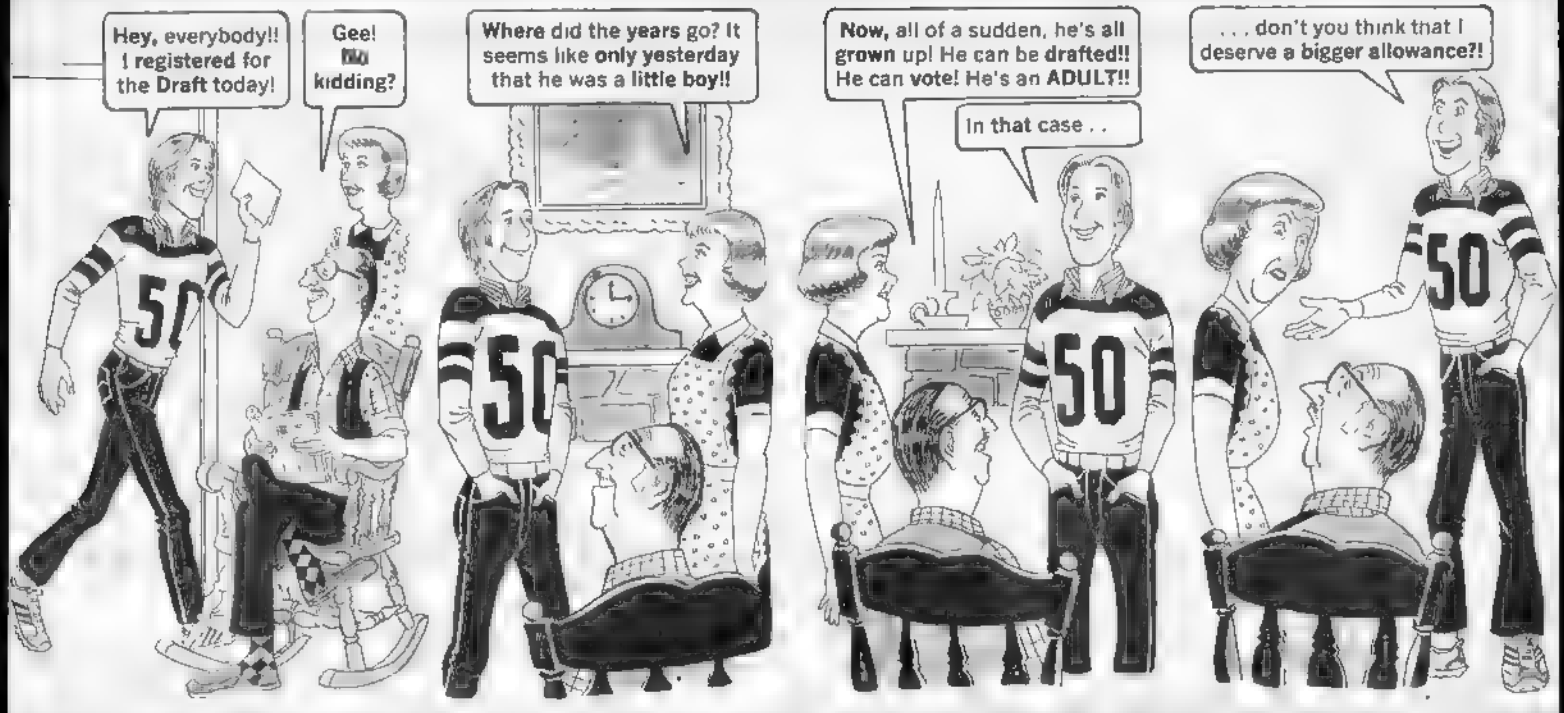
12 SECONDS

. . . is the amount of time that passes between when a man picks up a copy of *Playboy* and he flips to the centerfold.

3 MINUTES, 22 SECONDS

. . . is the amount of time the average American spends listening to a Presidential address before shutting it off.

GROWING PAINS


Hey, everybody!! I registered for the Draft today!
Gee! No kidding?
Where did the years go? It seems like only yesterday that he was a little boy!!
Now, all of a sudden, he's all grown up! He can be drafted!! He can vote! He's an ADULT!!
In that case . .
. . . don't you think that I deserve a bigger allowance?!

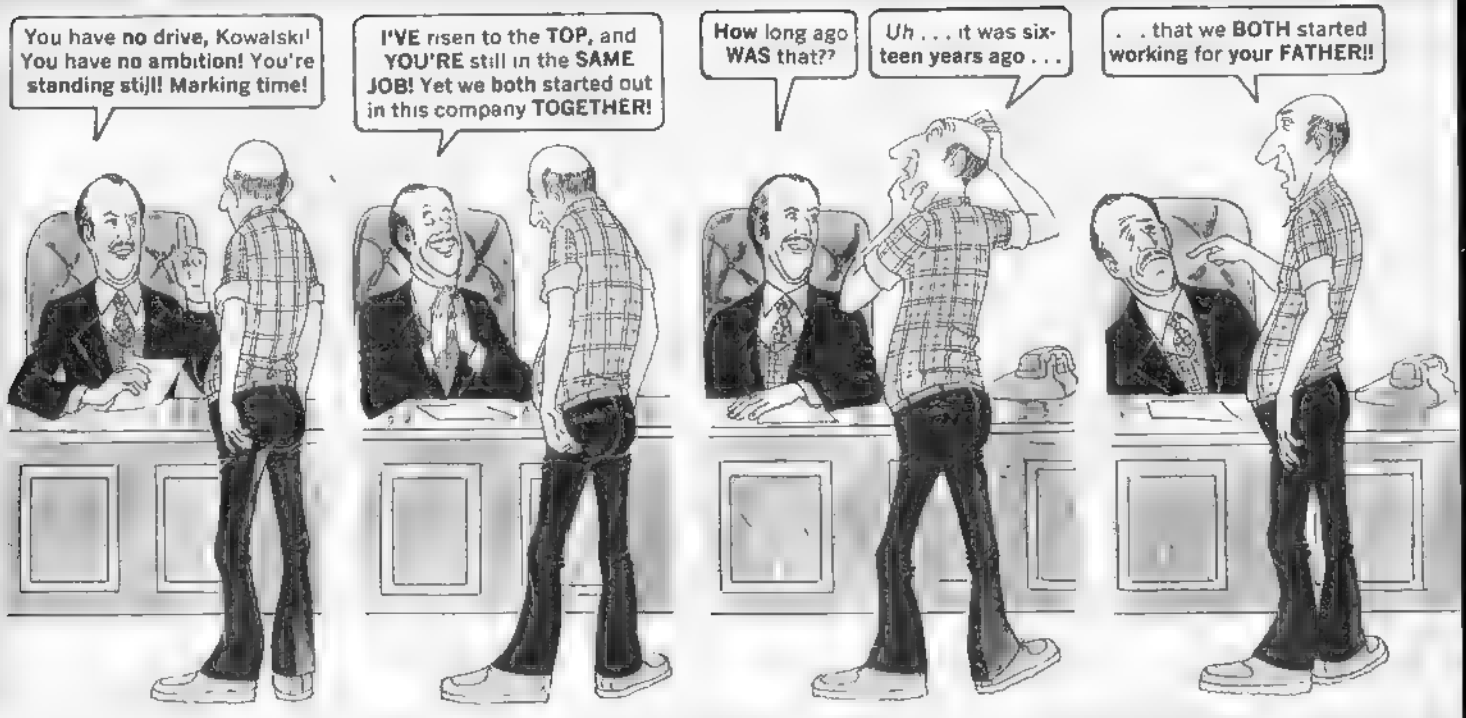
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

CAR OWNERS

How come you're taking the bus today, Harold? You always DRIVE to school!
My car was recalled!!
It had a defect??
I'll say!!
Faulty brakes?
No . . . faulty PAYMENTS!

SUCCESS


You have no drive, Kowalski! You have no ambition! You're standing still! Marking time!
I'VE risen to the TOP, and YOU'RE still in the SAME JOB! Yet we both started out in this company TOGETHER!
How long ago WAS that??
Uh . . . it was sixteen years ago . . .
. . . that we BOTH started working for your FATHER!!

R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

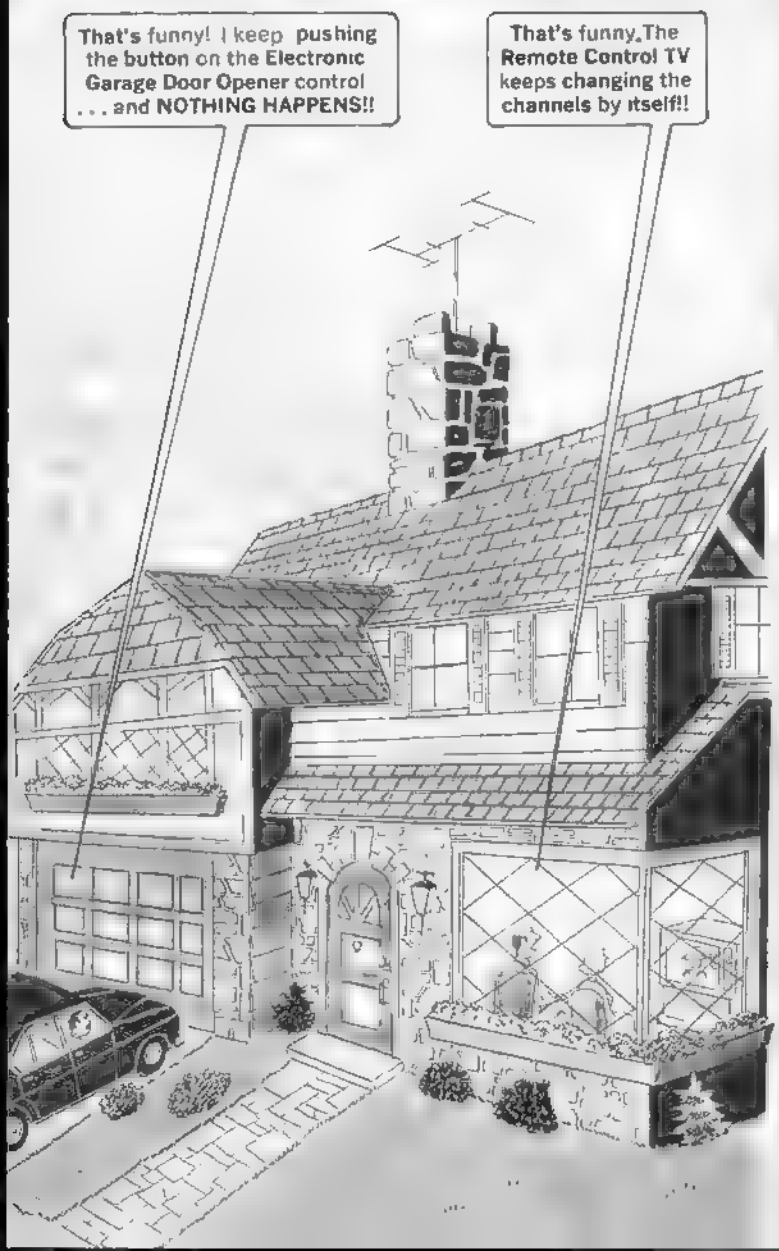
PARKING

You can't park the car here! The sign says "Tow-Away Zone"!
There isn't another parking place for five blocks!
TOW AWAY ZONE
Listen, I've got an idea! Let's have a snowball fight!
Whatever for . . .?!?
TOW-AWAY ZONE
So we can PARK here!!

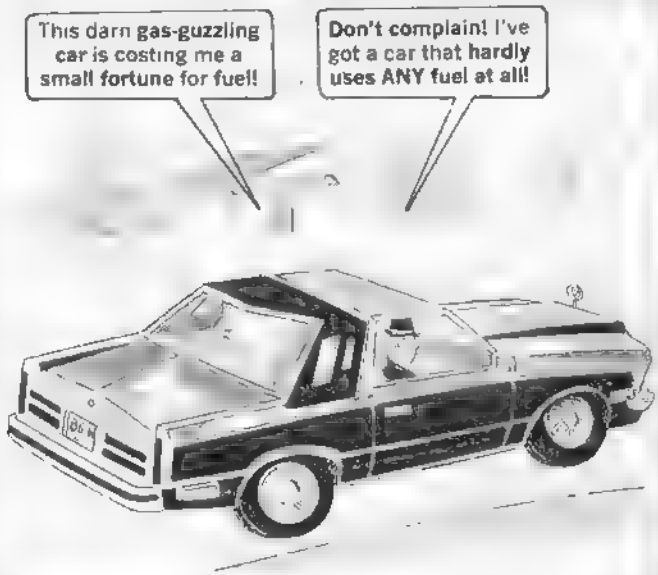
EDUCATION

What did you learn in school today?
"The Metric System"! Eventually, the United States will change over completely to this European method of measuring weights and distances!
We're going crazy, learning to change inches to meters, miles to kilometers, ounces to grams, pounds to kilograms and gallons to liters!
Do you like the change?
If I had MY way . . .
. . . I wouldn't touch that stupid Metric System with a 3.048 METER POLE!!

MODERN TECHNOLOGY


That's funny! I keep pushing the button on the Electronic Garage Door Opener control . . . and NOTHING HAPPENS!!
That's funny. The Remote Control TV keeps changing the channels by itself!!

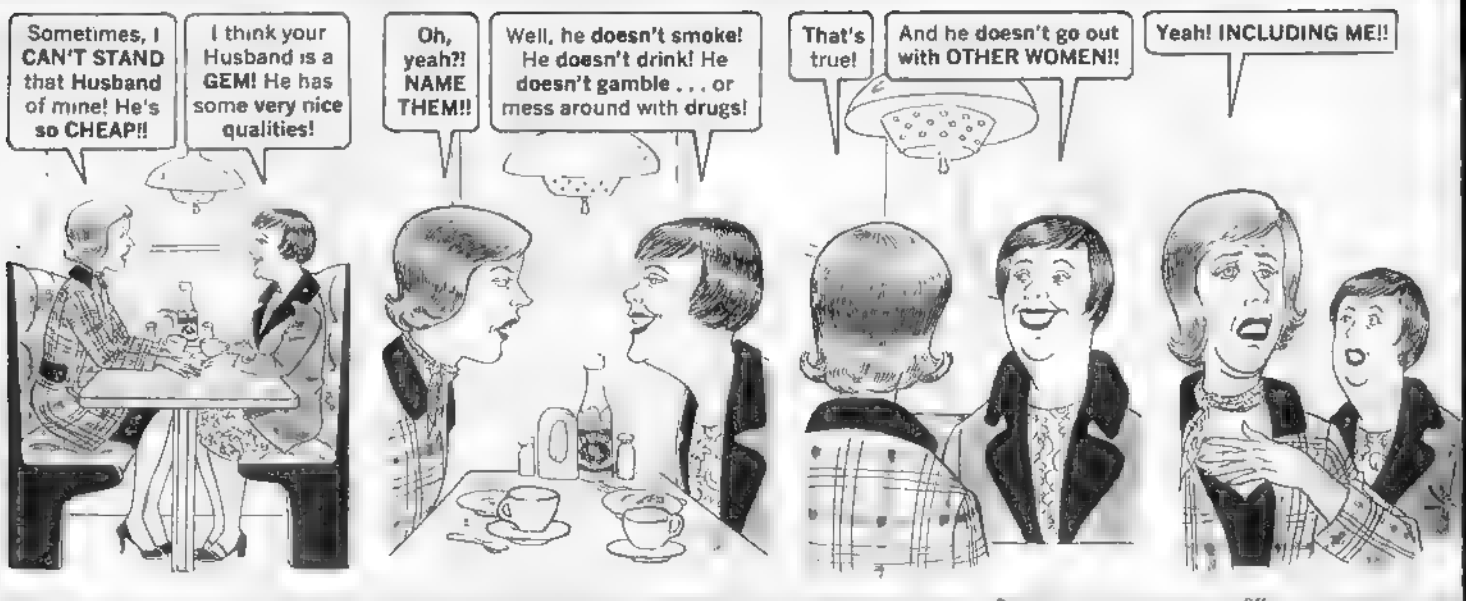
THE ENERGY CRISIS


This darn gas-guzzling car is costing me a small fortune for fuel!
Don't complain! I've got a car that hardly uses ANY fuel at all!

INFLATION

Hey, Ralph! I hear you made a REAL GOOD BUY on a house!
Yep! I got a sixty thousand dollar house with four bedrooms and three baths on a half-acre lot . . .
Gee! That IS a good buy!!

MARRIAGE


Sometimes, I CAN'T STAND that Husband of mine! He's so CHEAP!!
I think your Husband is a GEM! He has some very nice qualities!
Oh, yeah?! NAME THEM!!
Well, he doesn't smoke! He doesn't drink! He doesn't gamble . . . or mess around with drugs!
That's true!
And he doesn't go out with OTHER WOMEN!!
Yeah! INCLUDING ME!!

SHOPPING

MOST of the time it's in the REPAIR SHOP!
I remember when the "Express Line" meant 10 items or less!!
Boy, how things have changed!!
EXPRESS LINE $25 OR LESS

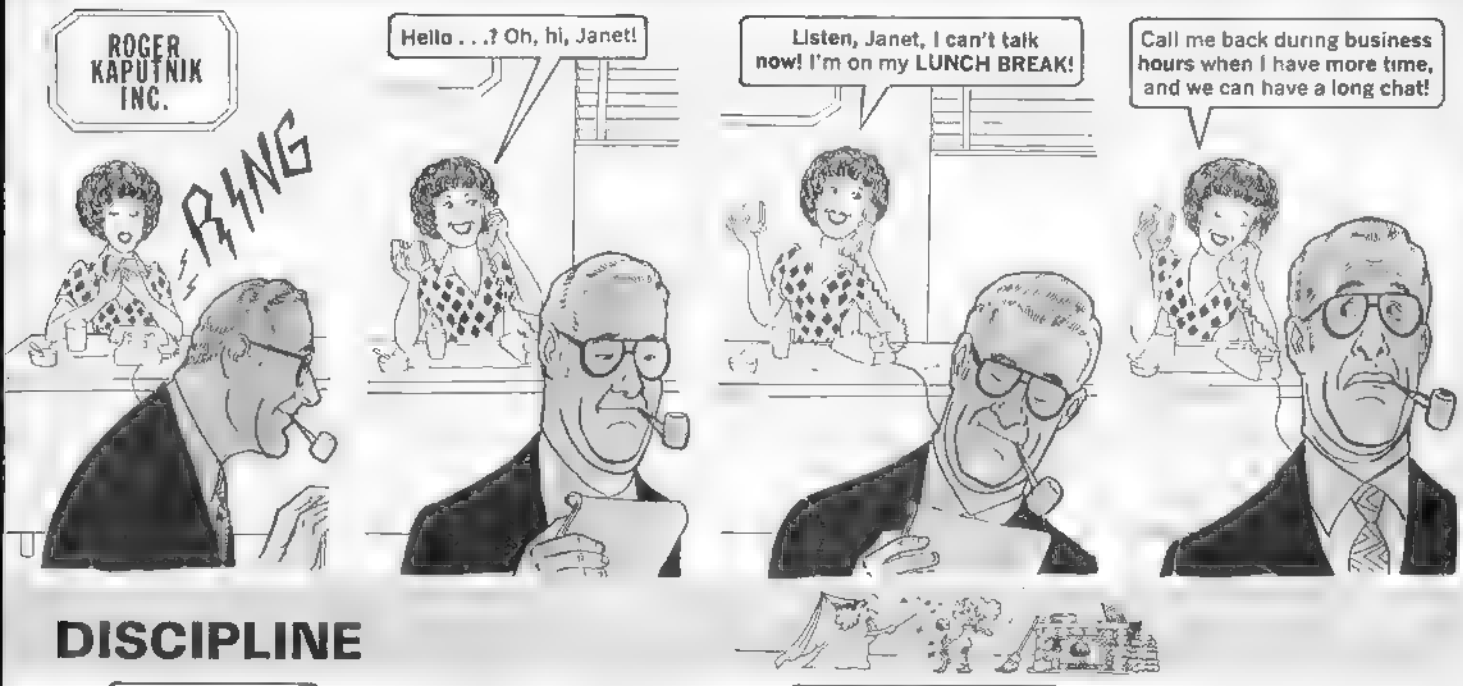
CHILDREN

. . . for TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND!!
That kid of mine is always in trouble!
Don't feel so bad! In this country, according to statistics, a kid gets into trouble every fifteen minutes!
That's HIM . . .!! That's MY SON!!

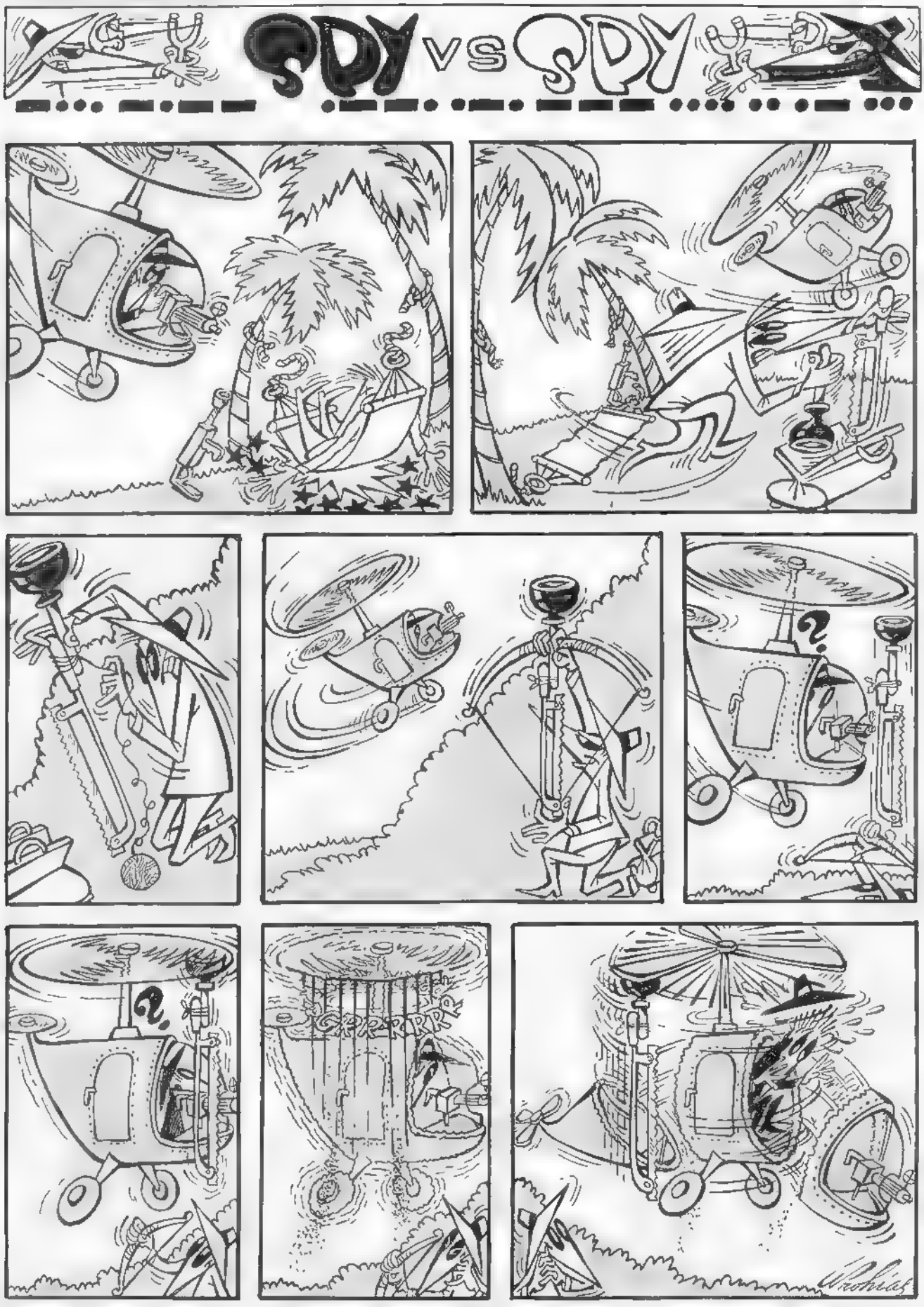
WINTER

Bernard, come look out the window! It's a regular "Winter Fairyland"! It's as if the little fairies spent the night blanketing the trees, roofs and streets with soft, downy, pure-white snowflakes!
And with their magic wands, made the icicles sparkle like precious jewels!
About those little fairies of yours!
You think you could get those little stinkers to shovel the sidewalk and driveway now?!?

ON THE JOB


ROGER KAPUTNIK INC.
RING
Hello . . .? Oh, hi, Janet!
Listen, Janet, I can't talk now! I'm on my LUNCH BREAK!
Call me back during business hours when I have more time, and we can have a long chat!

DISCIPLINE

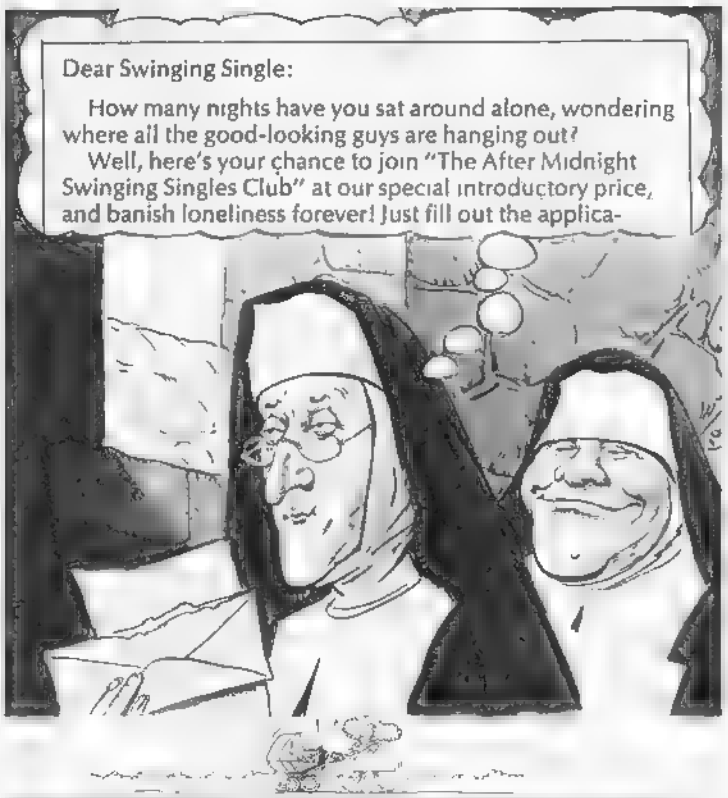

SPY vs SPY
?
?
GRRRRRR

POST WASTE DEPT.

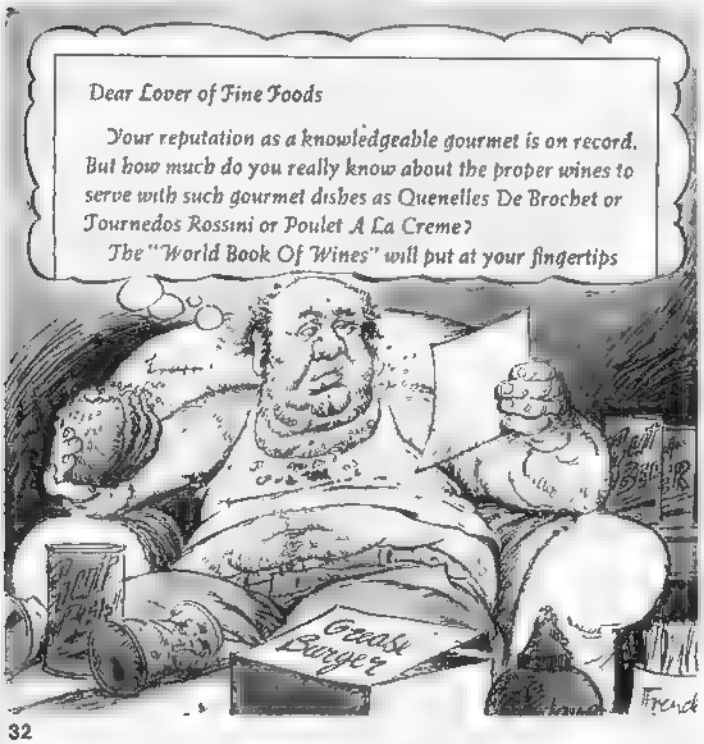
Don't you just love it when you run to your mail box in hopes of finding that somebody's sent you five bucks for some old debt because you haven't paid your rent and you don't have a dime for food . . . but the only letter there is a piece

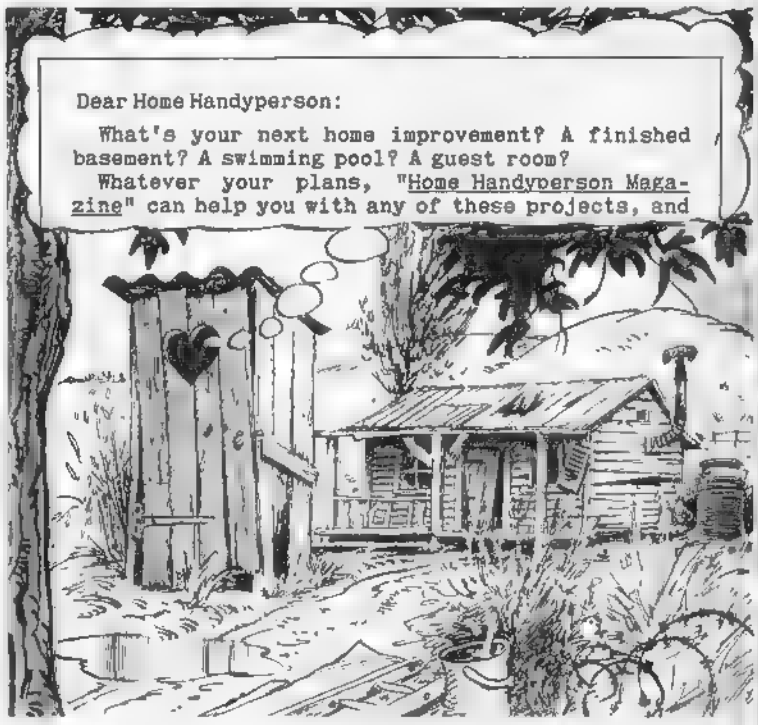
MIXED-UP JUNK M

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ


Dear Swinging Single:
How many nights have you sat around alone, wondering where all the good-looking guys are hanging out?
Well, here's your chance to join "The After Midnight Swinging Singles Club" at our special introductory price, and banish loneliness forever! Just fill out the applica-

Dear Potential Homeowner:
"White Oaks" is no ordinary housing development, and that's why this pre-opening offer is not going to everyone! Located almost entirely within Wasp Woods, "White Oaks" will be an exclusive residential community made up of the most desirable families. So if you're the type of person we're looking for, why not come out to "White Oaks" today, and let us show you our planned private community of Luxury

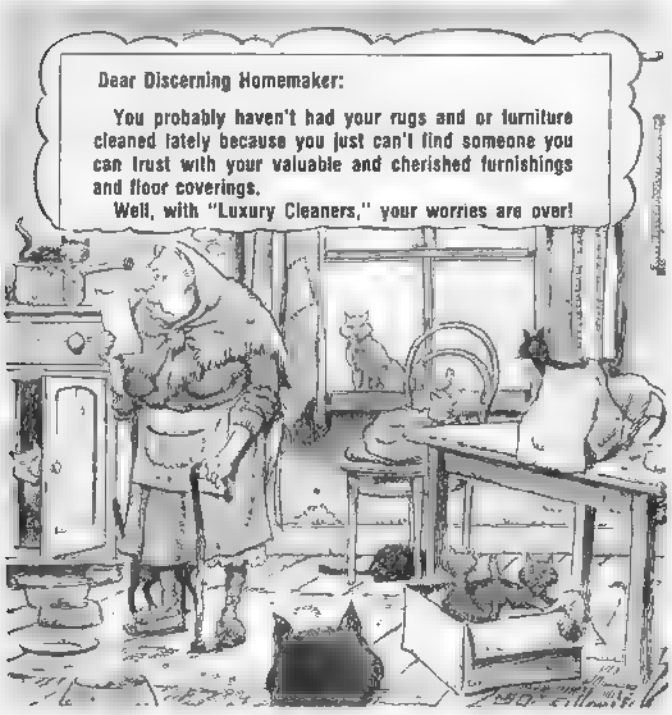

Dear Lover of Fine Foods
Your reputation as a knowledgeable gourmet is on record. But how much do you really know about the proper wines to serve with such gourmet dishes as Quenelles De Brochet or Tournedos Rossini or Poulet A La Creme?
The "World Book Of Wines" will put at your fingertips
Greasy Burger

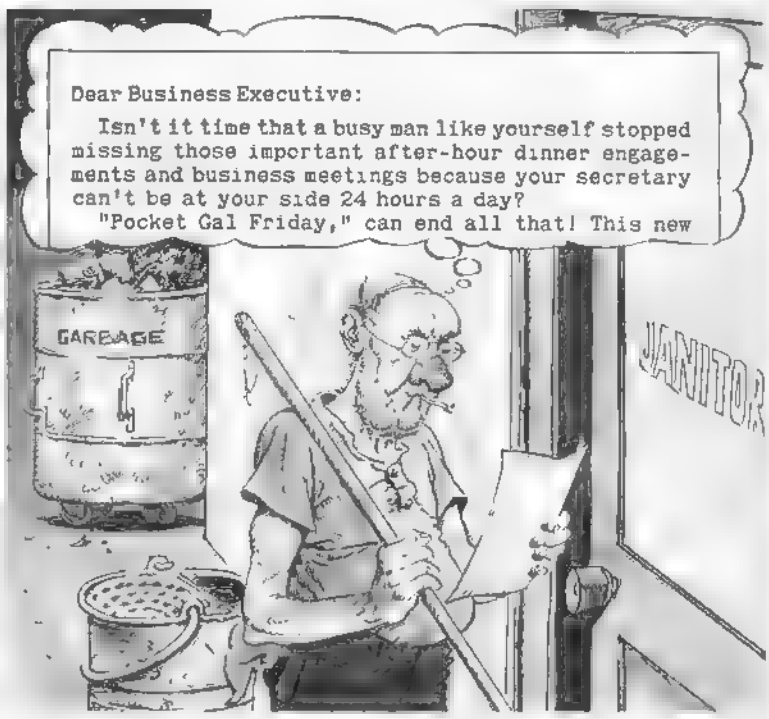

Dear Home Handyperson:
What's your next home improvement? A finished basement? A swimming pool? A guest room?
Whatever your plans, "Home Handyperson Magazine" can help you with any of these projects, and

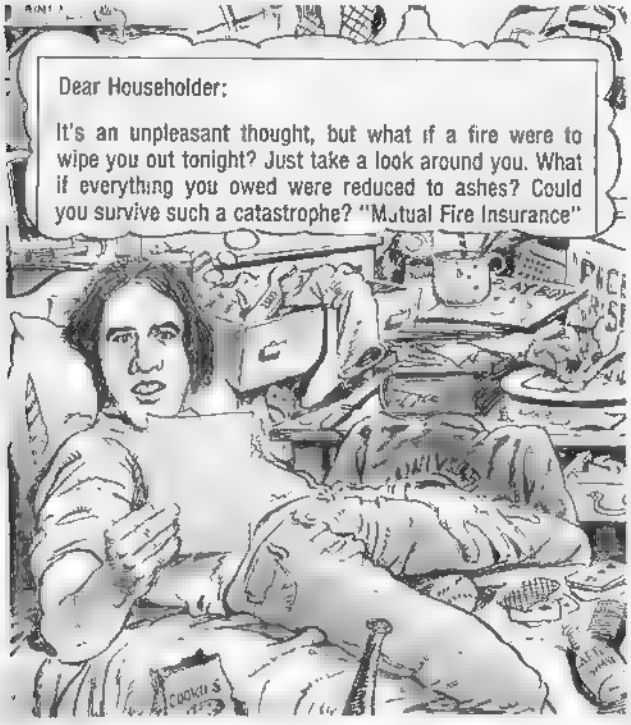
of junk mail that starts out: *"We know you are the kind of man who appreciates the value of a well-made $300 suit, which is why this offer is being sent to men like you!"* Well, we wonder what other goofs are being made because of . . .

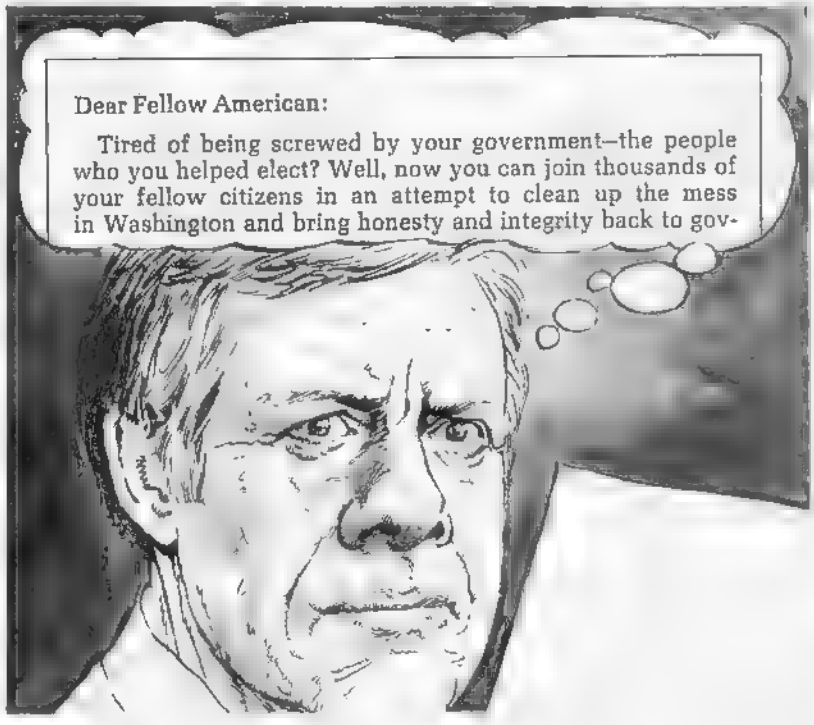
AIL MAILING LISTS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO


Dear Discerning Homemaker:
You probably haven't had your rugs and or furniture cleaned lately because you just can't find someone you can trust with your valuable and cherished furnishings and floor coverings.
Well, with "Luxury Cleaners," your worries are over!


Dear Business Executive:
Isn't it time that a busy man like yourself stopped missing those important after-hour dinner engagements and business meetings because your secretary can't be at your side 24 hours a day?
"Pocket Gal Friday," can end all that! This new
GARBAGE
JANITOR


Dear Householder:
It's an unpleasant thought, but what if a fire were to wipe you out tonight? Just take a look around you. What if everything you owed were reduced to ashes? Could you survive such a catastrophe? "Mutual Fire Insurance"


Dear Fellow American:
Tired of being screwed by your government—the people who you helped elect? Well, now you can join thousands of your fellow citizens in an attempt to clean up the mess in Washington and bring honesty and integrity back to gov-

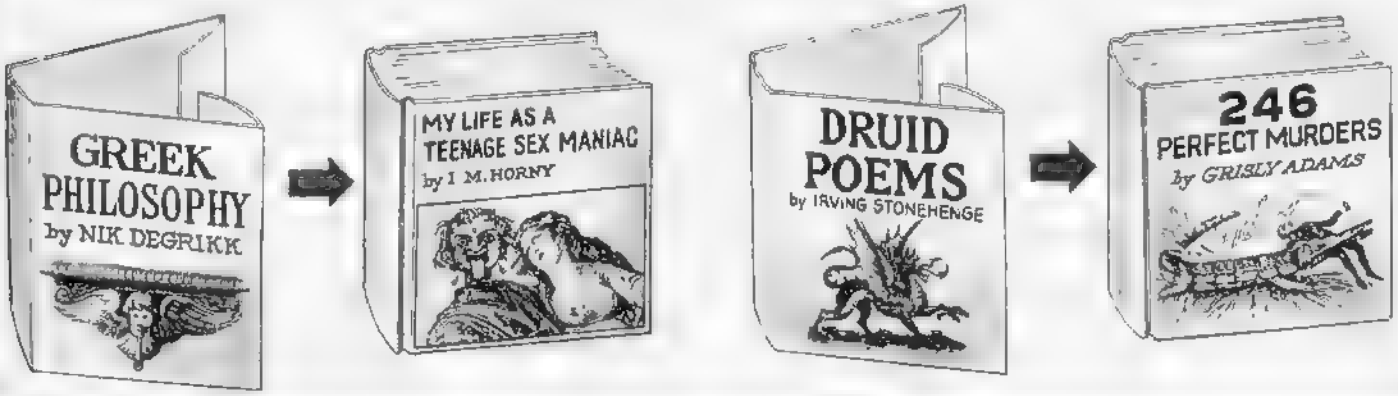
AN EYE FOR AN "I" DEPT.

Are you a doormat for the whole world to step on? Do friends walk away while you're talking? Are you credited with inventing the yawn? Are you introduced to people as "Mr. What's's-Name"? Then you need help. And we don't mean the kind of help that everyone else has offered you in the

MAD IMAGE

HIGH-CLASS BOOK COVERS

Carrying highly-intellectual books onto buses, trains and planes will make people admire and respect you. However, such books are almost impossible to read. But these book jackets slip easily over those trashy books you love and understand...and other passengers will look with awe at how absorbed you are in reading such classy literature.



V.I.P. BUSINESS CARDS

You can make yourself into anything you want with business cards, and the people you give them to will shower you with ego-gratifying attention. Later, if they chance to call you at "your office," they'll find out the truth, but so what?! By then, you'll be working your card trick on someone else.

THE "FANTASTIC STUDENT" PLOY

If you want a really effective image booster, merely take a course in a school subject that you're already thoroughly expert in, without letting on that you are. The respect and admiration you get will make you feel just marvelous.

past . . . like suggesting that you become "educated," or "talented," or "more interesting." We know that's impossible for you. But there is a practical way to make you appear terrific without changing that simple-minded clod you've always been. Just try these sure-fire guaranteed . . .

-BUILDERS

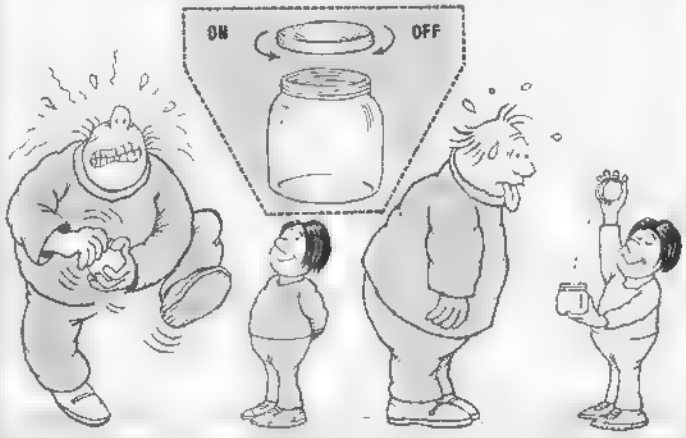
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE "TOUGH CROSSWORD PUZZLE" GAMBIT

When sitting next to someone while traveling, tear *The New York Times* puzzle out and start filling it in very quickly with a pen. To your neighbor's astonishment, you will have it done in less than three minutes. Then, mutter something like, "I wish they'd come up with a real challenge for a change!" and angrily crumple it into a ball and discard it. Your fellow passenger will be unbelievably impressed, and never know you filled the puzzle in with absolute nonsense.

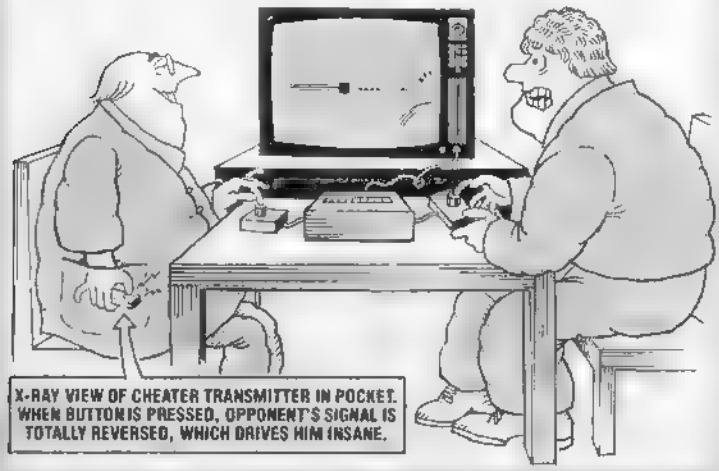
WRONG-WAY TWIST-OFF JAR TOPS

These jars and jar tops have left-handed threads. That is, they open the opposite way from normal. When you're going to a party, bring along one or two of these —filled with nuts or candy. Soon, some pretty young thing will try to open one and fail. Next, she'll ask some jock to try, and to everyone's amazement, he too will fall down exhausted with the unopened jar. Then, to everyone's astonishment, you open the jar effortlessly.



THE RIGGED TV GAME

Millions of TV-owners now own "Pong"-type TV games. Unfortunately, some jocks are hard to beat at these games because they do nothing but hang around bars, practicing on coin-operated ones. With this electronic cheater transmitter, you improve your image and win every time.

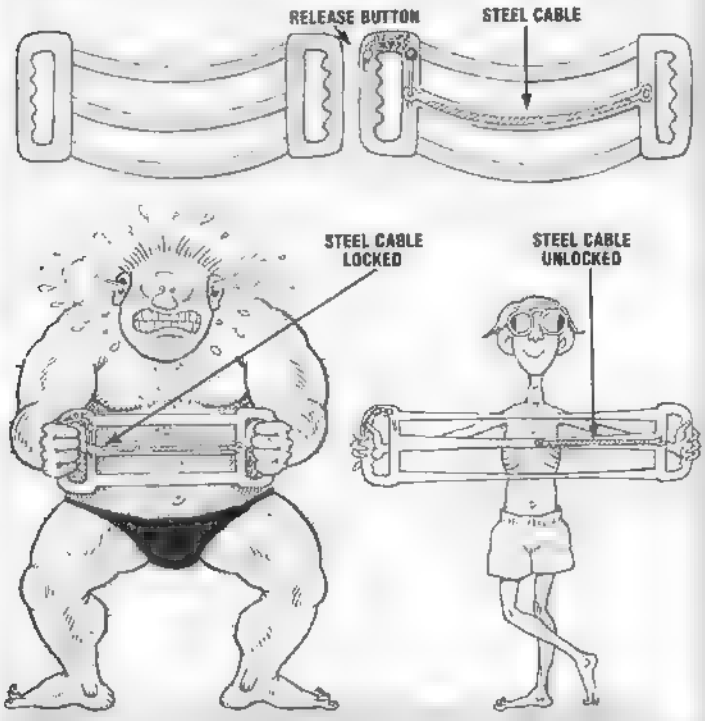

X-RAY VIEW OF CHEATER TRANSMITTER IN POCKET. WHEN BUTTON IS PRESSED, OPPONENT'S SIGNAL IS TOTALLY REVERSED, WHICH DRIVES HIM INSANE.

MOBILE CAR TELEPHONE

Here's an easy way to look and feel important. Any old used telephone instrument, placed in your car, will do the trick. Merely lift receiver, and hold important-sounding business conversations while people are watching. And if you want to impress them more, a hook-up to car's cigarette lighter can make phone ring when you touch a secret switch.

FANTASTIC DISPLAY OF STRENGTH

When you offer this spring-stretcher to a jock, he cannot budge it. But when you take it, you stretch it out a mile. Secret lies in middle rubber tube, which contains a steel cable that you can release by pushing a button in handle. When stretcher is relaxed once more, cable automatically locks into position. Thus, when you hand stretcher back to the jock, he goes crazy again with shame and frustration.



HERO AWARDS

A sure-fire way to improve your image is to be a hero. But how many of us ever get the chance to be one? And even if we got that chance, how many of us would have the courage to act? Well, with a simple, high-sounding citation, all these problems are solved, and so you become a hero instantly.

HERO
ARNOLD FUTZER
DID, ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 15TH, 1976, AT GREAT RISK TO HIS OWN HEALTH AND SAFETY, ENTER A BURNING BUILDING ON MAIN STREET AND RESCUE FIVE CHILDREN, THREE CATS AND A DOG. FOR THIS HEROIC DEED
THE SOCIETY OF HEROS
WELCOMES HIM TO ITS RANKS WITH PRIDE AND ADMIRATION

THE SPEED-READING EXHIBITION

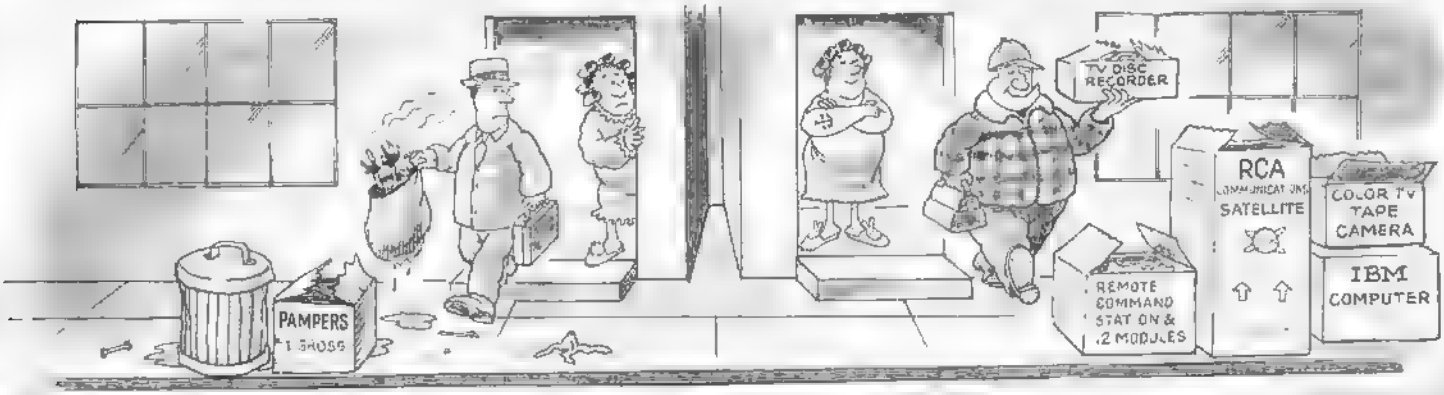
Before boarding a bus, train or plane, read a copy of *Time* or other popular magazine thoroughly. Then, when you're on board and sitting next to a stranger, ask the Stewardess for a copy of that same magazine. Next, pretend to read it by running your finger down each page at the rate of one a second. Then, hand the magazine over to your neighbor, and recommend several articles in detail. To his (or her) utter amazement, your facts will be correct, and he will believe that you can actually read faster than is humanly possible.

FRAMED NEWSPAPER STORIES

People will believe anything they see in print, and almost any printer can produce a facsimile newspaper story for you at a nominal charge. Framed and placed in den or office, a news story about you can add immeasurably to your prestige, and no one will ever question its authenticity.

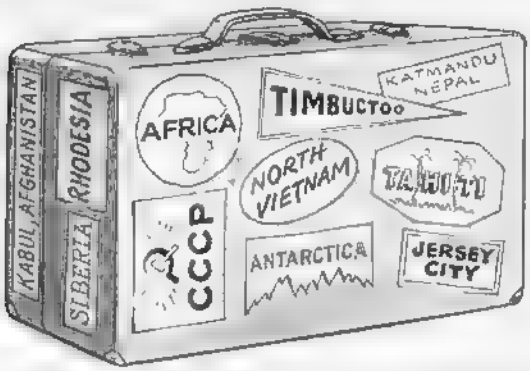
STATUS TRASH

A terrific image-builder is to let your neighbors know that you can afford the best of everything. One sure-fire way of letting those nosey creeps know is by the kind of trash you put out. By collecting an assortment of impressive cartons, and placing them outside your home on trash pick-up days, you will elevate yourself to top dog in your neighborhood.



EXOTIC LUGGAGE LABELS

A well-traveled person is always envied and admired. So no matter where you go, even if it's just to visit your Aunt May for a weekend, if you carry a heavily-labeled suitcase, people will look at you with envy and admiration.



WELL-WORN SAFARI JACKET

A Safari Jacket is always associated with macho adventure. To heighten the effect, jacket should look beat up, as if wearer has been through hell in the jungles of Africa. And wearing an eyepatch will add immeasurably to your image.

PHONY "FOIL" BEER CAN

Have you ever watched some gorilla crush an empty beer can while girls look on in awe and admiration? Well . . now you can show him up! After drinking from "real" can, switch it with phony "foil" can, neatly crumple phony into tiny ball and calmly toss it away. Your resultant image is fantastic.

USED PARTS DEPT.

With organ transplants becoming increasingly commonplace these days, many people now carry "Donor Cards" authorizing the use of their anatomical parts upon their deaths.

CUSTOMIZED ORGAN DON

U.C.L.A. MEDICAL CENTER
Organ Donor Card

JOHNNY CARSON

I hereby bequeath my usable organs to the UCLA Medical Center, unless . . .

I die on a Monday, in which case my "guest donor" will discharge these responsibilities; or . . .

I die on a Tuesday, when only my vital organs—or "The Best Of Carson"—shall be donated.

LOUISVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL
Organ Donor Certificate

MUHAMMAD ALI

I donate all my organs
to worthy donees;
Just one thing I ask,
and that is to, please—

If I seem deceased,
let me set overnight;
'Cause I just may return
for one more 'final' fight!

ORGAN DONOR CERTIFICATE

Richard Milhous Nixon

I wish to donate my ex-Presidential organs to medical science upon my death, providing that:
(1) They are utilized only by my fellow Americans. This does not include any members of the news media, or any registered Democrats.
(2) They are accepted without comment or speculation concerning the 18 inch gap in my lower intestinal tract, and
(3) My estate is not offered a sum less than one million dollars for their use on a network television "special" by David Frost.

Richard M. Nixon

ORGAN DONOR CARD
Cedars Of Lebanon Hospital

Don Rickles

Having made a fortune by insulting Blacks, Orientals, Chicanos, Tall People, Short People, Fat People, Skinny People, Bald People, Ugly People, Senior Citizens and other persons of every conceivable Race, Religion and National Origin, I hereby donate—upon my death—my organs to any member of the above-mentioned groups, with the exception of my tongue, which is considered a dangerous weapon and should be promptly destroyed.

HOLLYWOOD SQUARE MEDICAL CENTER
Organ Donor Certificate

R I C H L I T T L E

I hereby bequeath my body to medical science with the stipulation that the attending physician make absolutely certain that I am in fact deceased, and not merely impersonating a famous dead celebrity.

Rich Little

THE ROONE ARLEDGE MEDICAL FACILITY AND TV SPORTS INFORMATION CENTER

Organ Donor Card

HOWARD COSELL

Yes, and what more natural a reaction that this: to give pause at such a momentous occasion when, by putting pen to paper and affixing one's signature, one is forever bound by a decision as irrevocable as it is eternal, to donate one's God-given anatomical gifts to the purpose of medical science. Of course, the idea is revolutionary! Of course, the idea is bold! And yet, I *do* intend, I *do* consent that my bodily organs be utilized by the scientific authorities in command at the moment I shed my mortal coil. Indeed, how noble, how right, how sportsman-like the notion that one's functionable remains survive one's brief encounter with this temporal sphere. Certainly, it is not my intent nor purpose to wax melifluous at this juncture, and yet I

(Continued on the other side)

But what about the famous (or infamous) people of the world, who might want certain "modifications" to their donations? MAD speculates on these "restrictions" with . . .

OR CARDS FOR SOME VERY SPECIAL DONORS

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

UGANDA STATE HOSPITAL

ORGAN DONOR CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that His Excellency President Field Marshal General Doctor Tenured Professor Licensed Electrician and Supreme Astronaut

IDI AMIN DADA

has decreed that upon his death, his bodily organs may be used by medical science as needed (as may the organs of any other persons found inside my digestive system) in the name of general progress and scientific advancement.

ORGAN DONOR CARD

RALPH NADER

I hereby relinquish my body & bodily organs upon my death* for the purposes of medical science.

*Assuming I'm not burned beyond recognition in an automobile accident, or lost at sea in an airline disaster, or contaminated by radioactive waste material from a breeder reactor mishap, or abducted and mysteriously disposed of by persons whose livelihoods have been disrupted as a result of my various investigations, findings and statements.

ORGAN DONOR FORM

The Amazing Kreskin

Knowing as I do not only the date, but also the circumstances that will surround my demise, I hereby give my blessings to the medical agencies that will send my liver to the Mayo Clinic, my kidneys to the Downstate Hospital, and my eyes to the New York Eye Bank. And to Walter Winkle of Bayonne, New Jersey, who will discover my dead body, I forgive you, Walter, for taking the cash from my wallet prior to reading this Donor Card.

T. A. Kreskin

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA MEDICAL CENTER

in association with

THE BREWMASTERS OF AMERICA

hereby ascribe their endorsement to the following donor information regarding

Billy Carter

First Brother, U.S. of A.

FIRST

That his vital organs may be flammable.

SECOND

That organs related to his digestive tract may be worn beyond any further use; and

THIRD

That the only organ which may have a useful lifespan is his brain, which, to the best of our knowledge, has not, so far, been taxed.

MILLIONAIRE'S HOSPITAL OF BEVERLY HILLS

Organ Donor Release

NORMAN LEAR

In accordance with the philosophy I've utilized successfully as a television producer, I hereby decree that, upon my death, my usable organs be "spun-off" and featured individually in any new recipient's format deemed worthy and promising.

Norman Lear

ORGAN DONOR INFORMATION

Robert "Evel" Knievel

DAREDEVIL ★ SHOWMAN ★ WAGER-MAKER

Having a minimum of original parts left, I would like to keep my remaining remains to myself!

Robert "Evel" Knievel

HOKEY FOCUS DEPT.

MORE MAD CAN
OF HISTORICA

YOUNG EMPEROR NERO'S FIRST VIOLIN TEACHER, SHORTLY BEFORE HE QUITS

WM. SHAKESPEARE SHOWS HIS CONTEMPT FOR SOME BAD FIRST-NIGHT REVIEWS

DR. LIVINGSTON MEETS HIS FIRST TRIBE OF PYGMIES

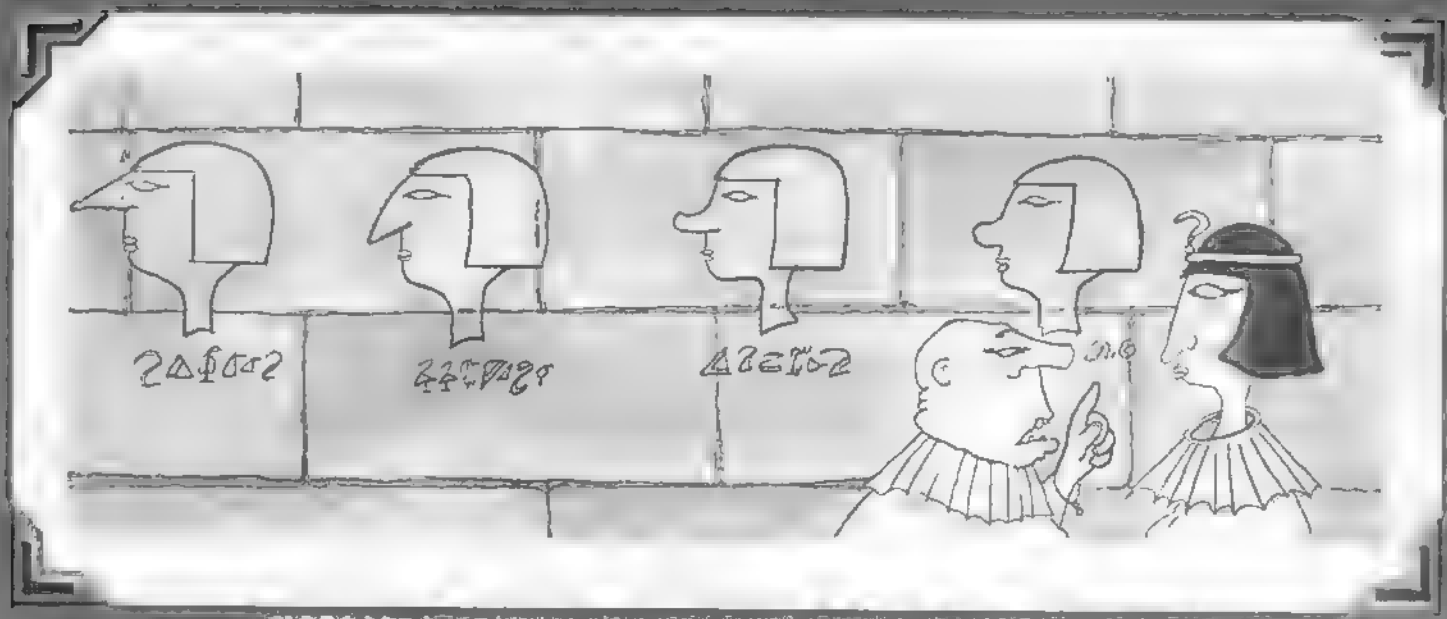
DID SNAPSHOTS L CELEBRITIES

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

YOUNG KING DAVID TRAINS FOR HIS UPCOMING BOUT

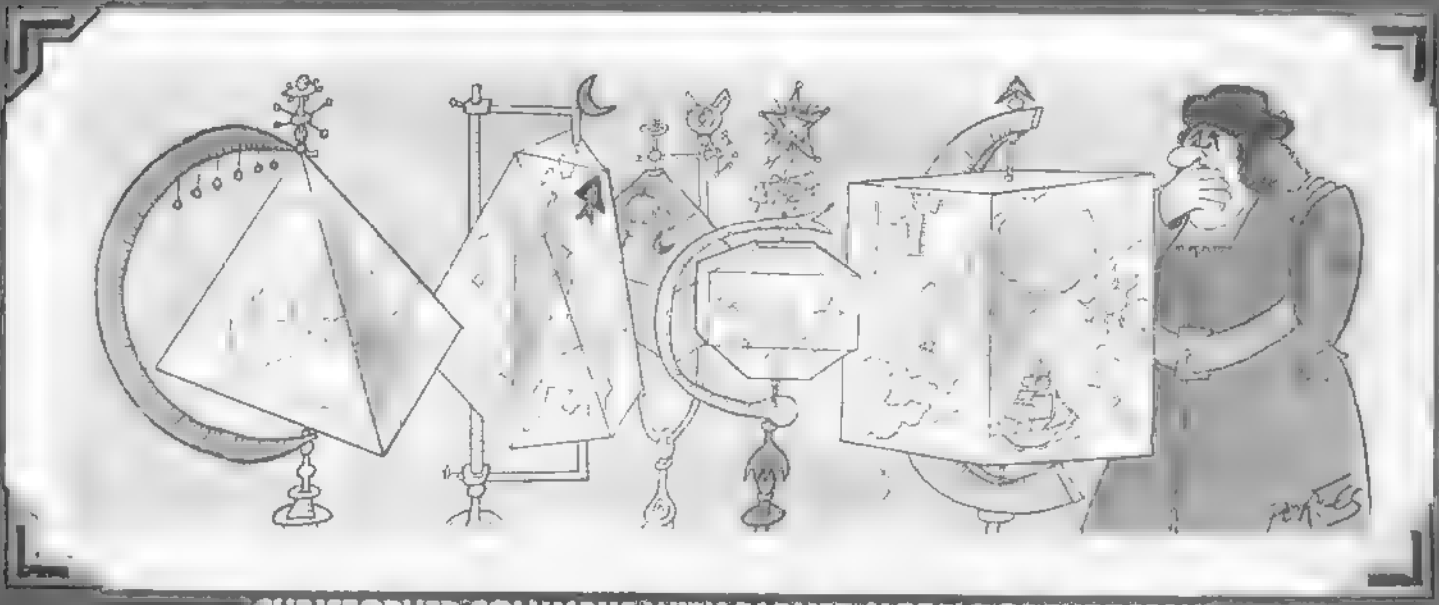
QUEEN VICTORIA IS SLIGHTLY AMUSED

ADOLPH HITLER INVENTS THE GOOSESTEP



CLEOPATRA CONTEMPLATES HAVING A NOSE JOB PERFORMED

KING MIDAS OVER-TIPS AS HE LEAVES PALACE BANQUET

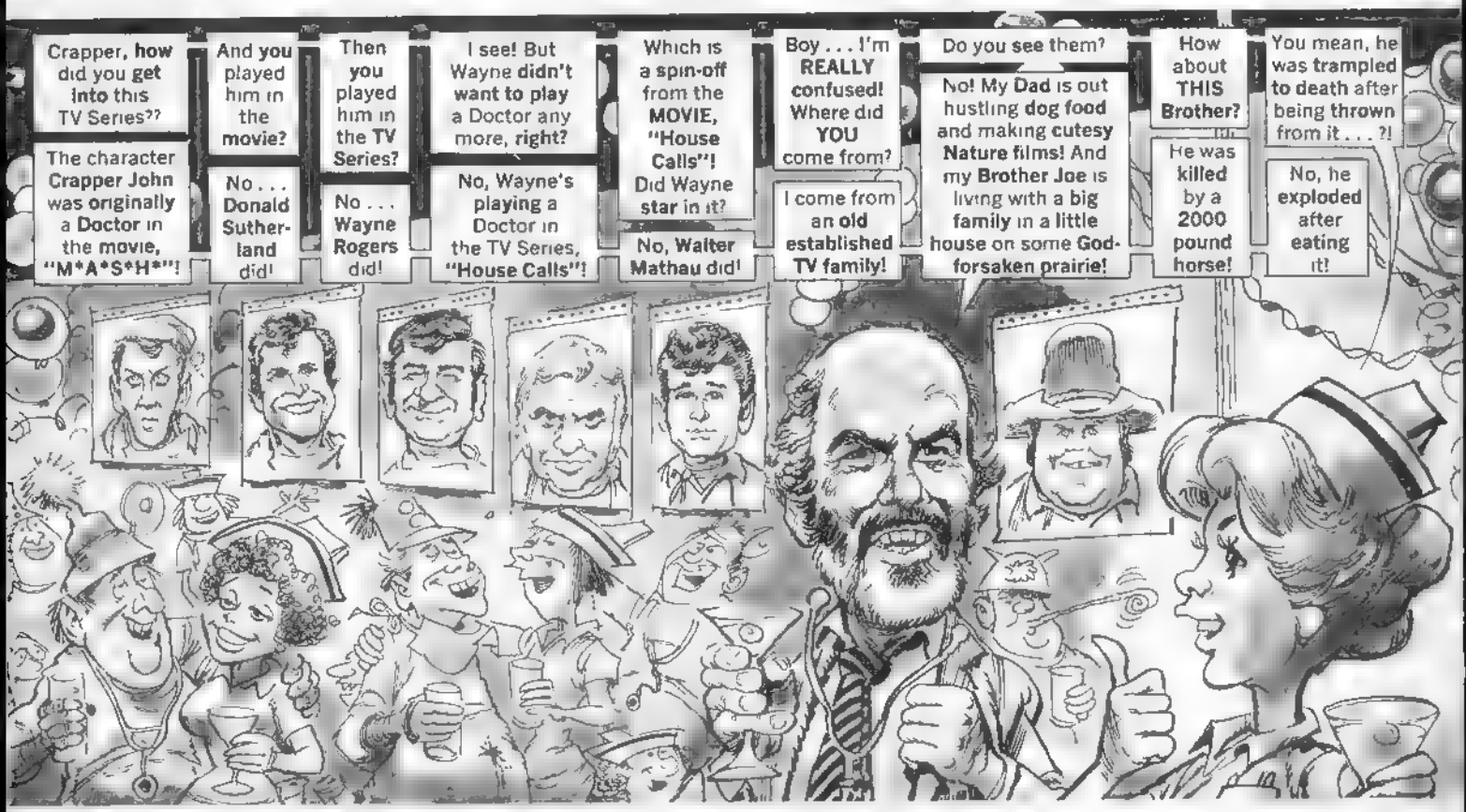


CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WITH EARLIER MODELS OF THE EARTH

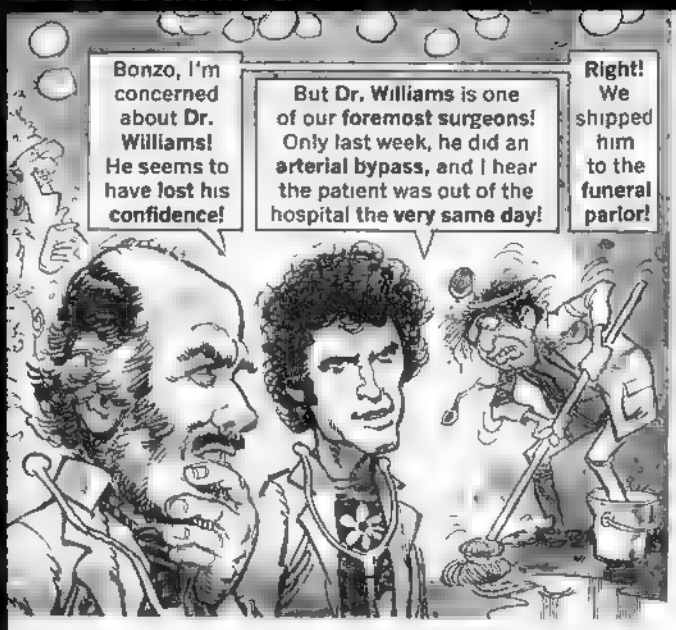
There's a new "Doctor" show on the tube, filled with those recurring cliches we all know so well from Marcus Welby, Ben Casey, Dr. Kildare, General Hospital and so on, and so on, and so on. F'rinstance, the Young "Hip" Doctor who's loved by his patients, distrusted by the hospital administration, and groomed by the Network for his own series. Or the Childishly Confused Nurse who would be a genius if boobs contained brains. Or the Doctor Who Lives For Money, knows nothing about Medicine, and wants all his patients to treat him like God; in short, the only True-To-Life Character in this medical fantasy. We're talking, of course, about

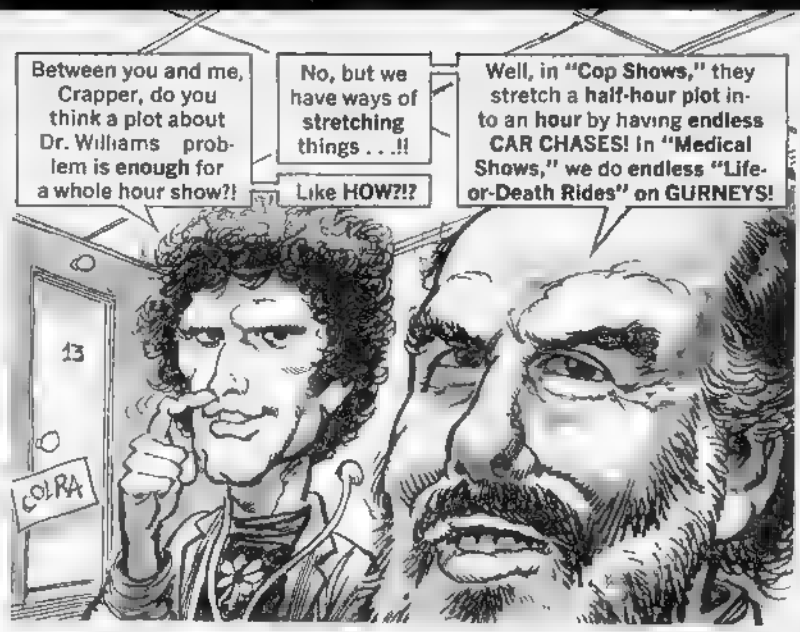
CRAPPER JOHN, M.D.

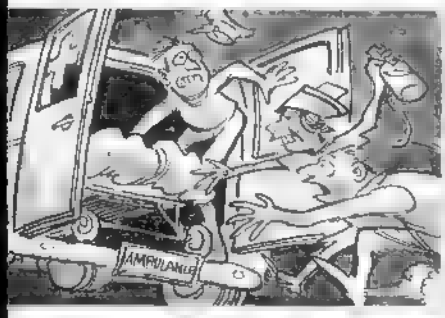
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART

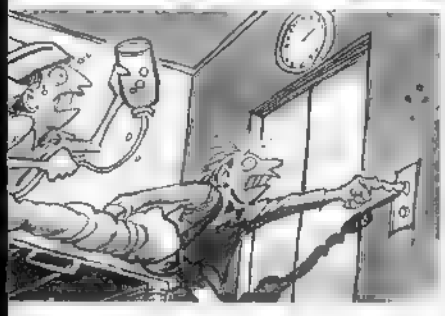

Crapper, how did you get into this TV Series??
The character Crapper John was originally a Doctor in the movie, "M*A*S*H*"!
And you played him in the movie?
No . . . Donald Sutherland did!
Then you played him in the TV Series?
No . . . Wayne Rogers did!
I see! But Wayne didn't want to play a Doctor any more, right?
No, Wayne's playing a Doctor in the TV Series, "House Calls"!
Which is a spin-off from the MOVIE, "House Calls"! Did Wayne star in it?
No, Walter Mathau did!
Boy . . . I'm REALLY confused! Where did YOU come from?
I come from an old established TV family!
Do you see them?
No! My Dad is out hustling dog food and making cutesy Nature films! And my Brother Joe is living with a big family in a little house on some God-forsaken prairie!
How about THIS Brother?
He was killed by a 2000 pound horse!
You mean, he was trampled to death after being thrown from it . . . ?!
No, he exploded after eating it!

Happy birthday, Crapper!
Thank you! Er . . . who chose THIS place to have a party?
I did! It's nice and quiet here, and everyone can enjoy himself!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY CRAPPER

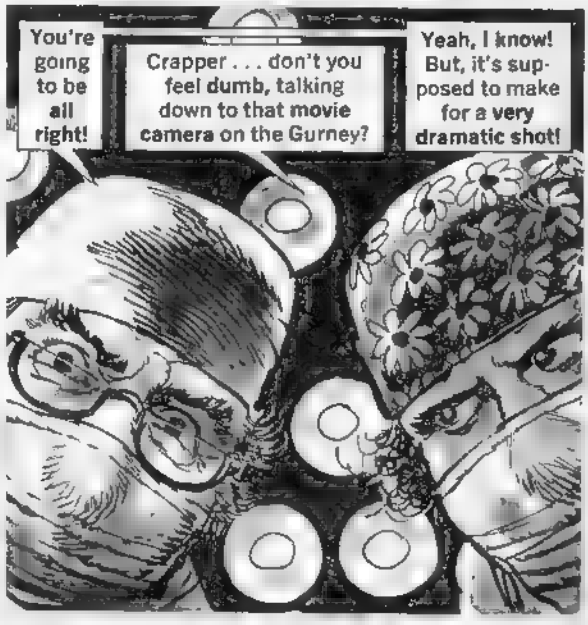

Bonzo, I'm concerned about Dr. Williams! He seems to have lost his confidence!
But Dr. Williams is one of our foremost surgeons! Only last week, he did an arterial bypass, and I hear the patient was out of the hospital the very same day!
Right! We shipped him to the funeral parlor!

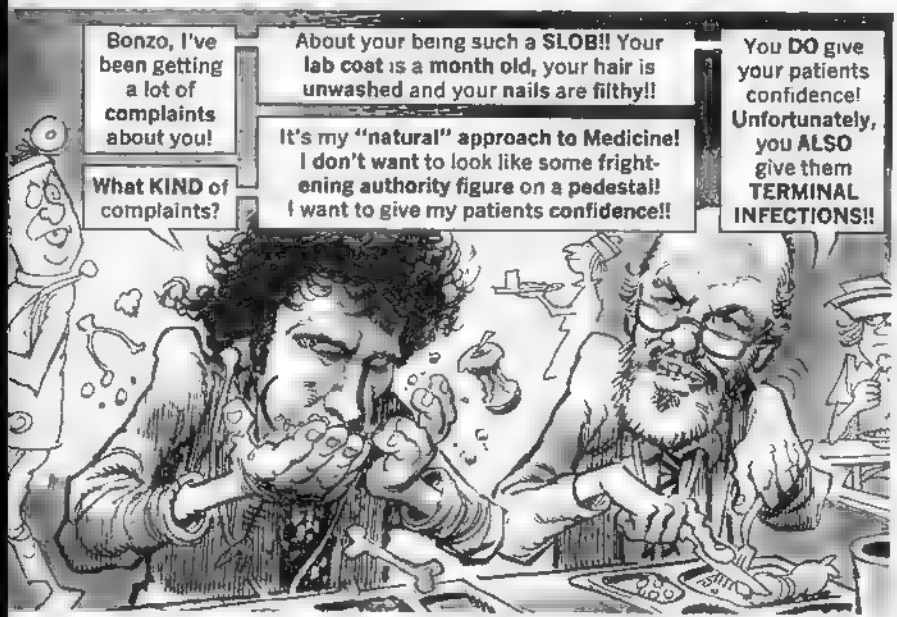

Between you and me, Crapper, do you think a plot about Dr. Williams problem is enough for a whole hour show?!
No, but we have ways of stretching things . . .!!
Like HOW?!?
Well, in "Cop Shows," they stretch a half-hour plot into an hour by having endless CAR CHASES! In "Medical Shows," we do endless "Life-or-Death Rides" on GURNEYS!
13
COBRA


AMBULANCE



OPERATING ROOM


You're going to be all right!
Crapper . . . don't you feel dumb, talking down to that movie camera on the Gurney?
Yeah, I know! But, it's supposed to make for a very dramatic shot!


Bonzo, I've been getting a lot of complaints about you!
What KIND of complaints?
About your being such a SLOB!! Your lab coat is a month old, your hair is unwashed and your nails are filthy!!
It's my "natural" approach to Medicine! I don't want to look like some frightening authority figure on a pedestal! I want to give my patients confidence!!
You DO give your patients confidence! Unfortunately, you ALSO give them TERMINAL INFECTIONS!!

Yecch! What's going on here? I don't remember treating this patient!
You DIDN'T treat him! You just SHOOK HANDS with him!

And how is your patient, Doctor Riverbender . . ?
I have his chart here! He'll have to undergo an expensive operation!
But—But I thought that things were looking better!
Better and better! Take a gander at THIS . . .!
This isn't his Medical Report!
It's his Dun and Bradstreet Report! This guy's worth a fortune! What's a $25,000 operation to HIM?!
You mean you'd operate when it isn't really necessary?!?
This operation IS necessary—to ME! I've got my Mercedes payments to keep up!
This creep want you to do a complete physical examination!
Why the ANGER?
He wants YOU to do it to ME while HE WATCHES! Pervert!!
I'm all washed up, Crapper! I can't operate any more!
Nonsense, Williams! You're the finest surgeon in the field!
Really? Well if I'm so good, how come I've lost my last three patients!? How come they all died on the table?!
You were probably performing very difficult operations!!
How difficult could two nose jobs and an ass lift be?!
And the one patient that DID survive—the young girl who wanted to have her nose fixed so she'd look like a movie star—is SUING ME!!
Wasn't the operation a success?
It WAS . . .
13
DO NOT DISTURB
. . . but I don't think THAT was the star she had in mind!!
That—that incompetent made me into a "9"!
So what's wrong with THAT?!
On a scale of 1-to-100?!
Bonzo, I'm really worried about Dr. Williams—
Oh, Crapper, stop taking everything so seriously! Why not lighten up and enjoy life like me!
Listen, Bonzo . . . sometimes your lightheartedness is out of place!
Yeah? Like when?
Like NOW! At an operation, you're supposed to wear a SURGICAL MASK . . .

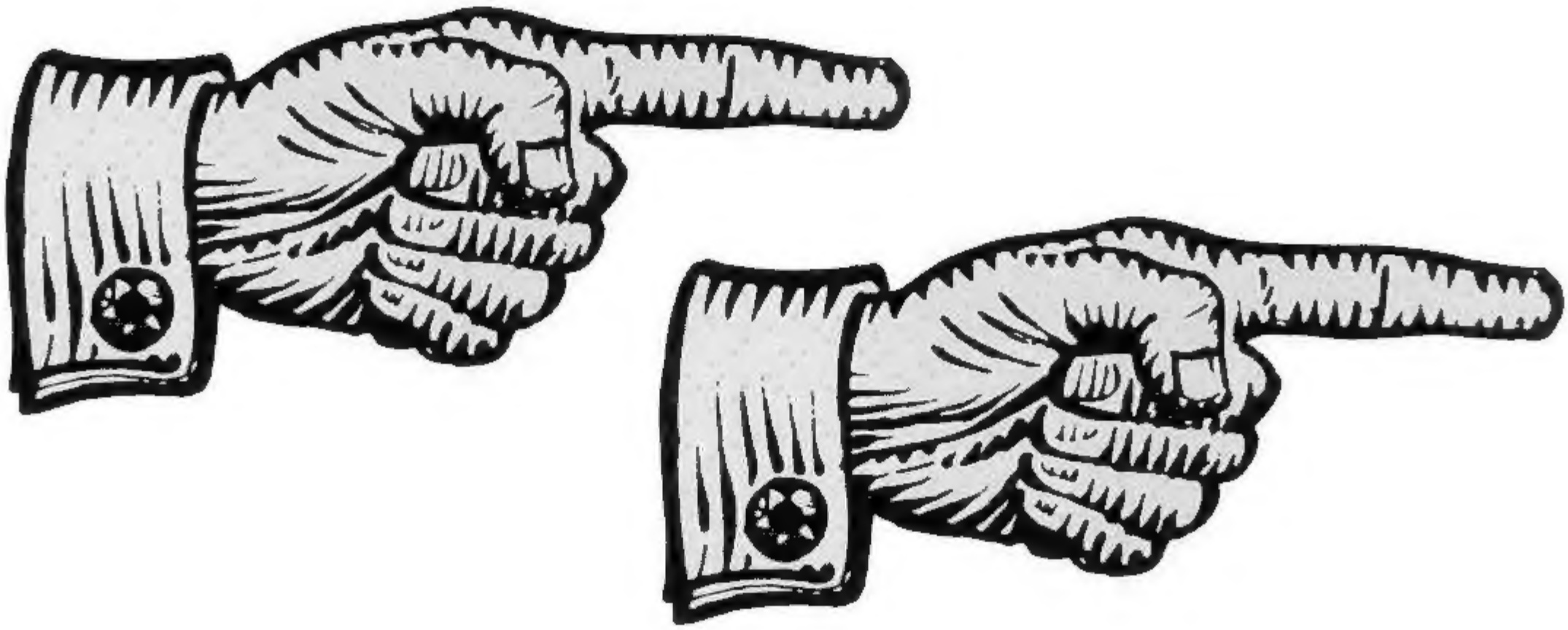
. . . not a NOVELTY SHOP MASK!
What the heck is Bonzo doing up there?
He lives in that mobile home! He thinks it makes him look cool and clever!
How clever can he be?!? Those car exhaust fumes are going to kill him before the season's over!
HOSPITOL
Have you ever noticed that all patients in medical shows have one thing in common?!
One thing? And what's that . . . ?
No matter how poor they are, they all have private rooms!
PRIVATE
I understand that you're a Circus Performer!
It's a family act! A tradition, handed down through generations! It's my life!
The operation you need is a very dangerous one!
I have to take that risk! I have to get well! My little old Mother prays for my speedy recovery every single night!!
Well, she IS your Mother!!
Not only that . . .
. . she's ALSO my replacement!!
Get well soon, son! I miss you! Mom.
I've been looking all over for you, Bonzo! Where have you been??
The kid was nervous, so I stayed awake all night, watching him!
I bet that was a REAL COMFORT to him!

Unfortunately . . . it's not much comfort to your other patients!
Hmmmmm! I've got some bad news and some good news . . .
Okay! First give me the bad news!
You only have a 50-50 chance of making it!
And the good news . . .
I get paid, either way!!
You mean you want ME to operate on that Circus Performer?!? I—I CAN'T!! I CAN'T!!
Don't you understand?! When you operate on him, you'll get back all your confidence, and you'll realize that you are a successful surgeon!!
But supposing I LOSE him?!
Since when does saving or losing patients have anything to do with being a successful surgeon!?!
Get a grip on yourself! I know you can do it, Williams! Take my word for it! You can do it!
Don't you think the patient will need a bit more than that?
Okay, first prepare 500 cc's of anesthesia to deaden the nerves!
What patient?!? That's for ME!!
Crapper, why not use that new anesthesia we developed?! It's better than sodium pentathol or ether!
Okay, let's try it, Bonzo! Ask the Anesthetist to administer it!
It's not administered by an Anesthetist! It's administered by a PROJECTIONIST!
We show the patient re-runs of "Crapper John, M.D." episodes! Works like a charm!
Now, in this episode, Crapper must operate to save the life of the only man who knows the combination of the safe where 12 people are locked in without oxygen . . .
. . . while at the same time, he must save a desperately ill little boy who has lost the will to live because his parents are getting a divorce!
ZZZZ
CRAPPER

PARTING SHOT DEPT.

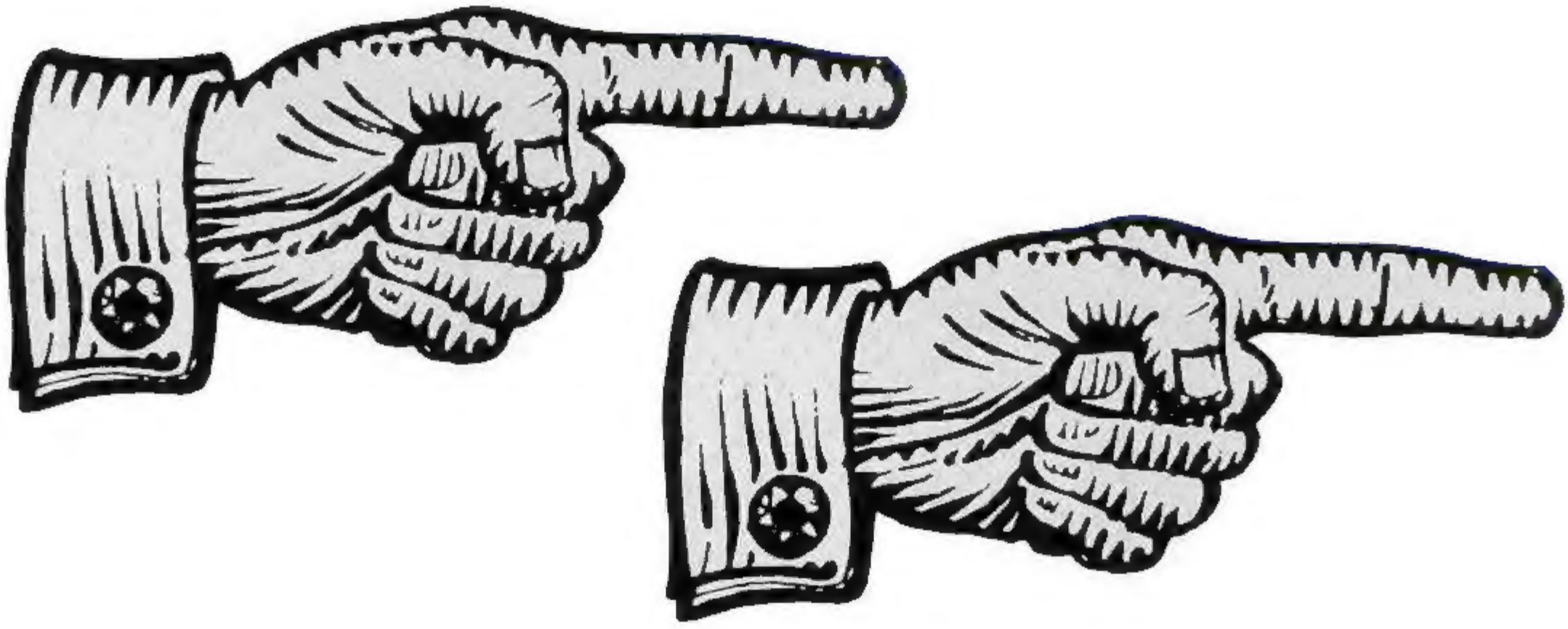
A BASKET CASE HIGH UP ON THE 37TH FLOOR

ARTIST & WRITER: DON EDWING



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT DISGUSTING FORM OF POLLUTION IS NOW CONSIDERED DANGEROUS TO US ALL?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

For years, one common form of pollution has been accepted as merely annoying and disgusting. But recently, it has been reclassified as dangerous to us all. To find out what this lethal form of pollution is, fold in the page as shown at right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

SMOLDERING FLAMES AND TOXIC FUMES ARE STINKERS EXHAUSTING OUR AIR, BUT ONE POLLUTION IS DEALING A FATAL BLOW TO LOTS OF LIVING THINGS.

A B

WHAT DISGUSTING FORM OF POLLUTION IS NOW CONSIDERED DANGEROUS TO US ALL?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

SMOKERS EXHALING

A MB

MAD'S STORY-TELLING U.S. POSTAGE STAMPS

(THOREAU)

(LEE)

(UN)

(BEAR)

(A BULL)

(POSTAL SERVICE)

(DRIVING)

(AMERICA)

(BATS)

(FORT)

(200 YEARS)

"THOROUGHLY UNBEARABLE POSTAL SERVICE . . . DRIVING AMERICA BATS FOR 200 YEARS!"

WRITER: HENRY CLARK ARTIST: U.S. POSTAL SERVICE